HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

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459 Meohem Floyd R
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A CINCH.—[See "Our Kings," Page 926.]
SAYS BOSS CROKER TO BOSS McLAUGHLIN: "SHAKE!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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OUR KINGS.

THE municipal governments of New York and Brooklyn are no doubt a sore puzzle to the students of political institutions who visit us in this year of Columbian festivities. They find here great cities of enormous wealth and business activity, intelligent and civilized people profuse in professions of public spirit and patriotism, and the machinery of popular self-government in perfect completeness and apparently in constant operation. They observe at the same time that the taxes are high, that the expenditures of public money run to fabulous amounts in proportion to the public work done, and that the men in official position administering public interests are mostly, in point of character, far from being such as would be intrusted by a prudent man with the management of his private affairs—in fact, in many cases, uniting in themselves conspicuously the qualities which should exclude any one possessing them from places of trust and responsibility. The inquirers will be still more surprised when, looking into the history of these municipal governments, they find that this condition of things is not merely accidental or exceptional, not the mere result of an occasional inadvertence or mistake on the part of an intelligent self-governing people, but that it is the upshot of a fixed system of despotic rule, and that this despotic rule is, in each of these nominally democratic communities, centred in one person—a monarch.

The foreign observer will be amazed at the species of monarchs we permit here to lord it over us, and at the demoralization of the public spirit which tolerates such a rule. Here he beholds two men who hold no official position, and are under no public responsibility of any sort. But they rule their cities with the wellnigh absolute power of autocrats. The machinery of popular self-government serves only to mask the exercise of their usurped authority. The political organizations at the head of which they stand hold primaries and conventions and nominate candidates for office. But the candidates to be nominated have been selected beforehand by the boss. The people go to the polls and vote, but the well-organized forces of the boss, directly or indirectly aided by his allies in other parties, blindly obey his will, and elect the candidates designated by him. The Mayor of the city, in the exercise of his legal power, appoints subordinate officers; but he appoints only those whose appointment the boss has ordered. The municipal councils pass ordinances and grant franchises, but only after the boss has ordained what ordinances or franchises shall be passed or granted. Disobedience to the will of the boss on the part of a politician in his organization means political death to the offender. Opposition to the boss on the part of a corporation or a private citizen whose interests can be affected by the action of the municipal government means persecution and pecuniary loss. Thus the executive as well as the legislative functions of the municipal government are under his absolute control, and even private interests are at his mercy. No king ever exercised absolute personal power more completely without the authority of law, than the boss does under the disguise of popular self-government.

It may be added that no king ever levied taxes more arbitrarily for his personal benefit. The boss, occupying no official position, draws no official salary. Neither does he carry on any legitimate private business from which he might derive an honest revenue. And yet he accumulates property, gets rich, and flaunts his wealth defiantly in the eyes of the community. How much he thus gets and where and how he gets it is not known, at least not publicly. But certain it is that in some way he gets it out of the pockets of the public. He levies upon the community a sort of tax to which even royal despots have not resorted—a secret tax, a tax of unknown nature and amount—for his personal comfort and enjoyment. Thus he makes the suffering citizens pay him for governing them, or rather for robbing them by misgovernment; for such a government as his can be only a government by corruption. The power of the boss rests upon the fidelity of his retainers. These retainers are held by him not by any political principles, not by any common objects of the public good, but by personal interest. They want to be taken care of themselves, or they have persons near to them whom they want to be taken care of. They can be taken care of only at the public expense, and to this end money must be taken out of the public purse, no matter whether any equivalent service be rendered for it or not. This means robbing the public for the purpose of keeping the followers of the boss faithful to him. And this systematic robbery is evident by its fruits.

But the boss taxes the honor and self-respect of the community even more outrageously than its purse. As faithlessness to the boss is, in his eyes, the worst crime, so is fidelity to his interests in his eyes the highest virtue. This virtue must be rewarded and encouraged in every possible manner. No moral delinquency, no bad repute, must be permitted to stand in the way of that reward and encouragement. He who commits for the boss an offence ever so infamous must be treated as no less deserving than an honest man—nay, even as more deserving, for he has shown that he can be depended upon to stop at nothing. The boss prefers an unscrupulous and a tainted servant to one that is morally fastidious. It must be demonstrated, therefore, that an unsavory record, a bad name, is no bar to public preferment. The people must be accustomed to seeing in public office men who ought to be in jail. They must be accustomed to voting for persons for the very reason that those persons ought not to be voted for. They must be compelled to "vindicate" the evil-doers by conferring public honors on them. When a Mayor of Brooklyn has disgraced himself by doing the bidding of Boss McLAUGHLIN, that Mayor must be renominated and re-elected, not in *spite* of his disgrace, but *because* of it—in distinct recognition of the disgraceful services rendered. Boss CROKER, of New York, had once distinguished himself by killing a man, which some old-fashioned people considered an objectionable feature of his career. He insisted that one of his faithful followers, who had also killed a man, should be appointed by the Mayor of New York to an important municipal office. The Mayor, although faithful to the boss in all other things, recoiled from so malodorous an act. He fell into disfavor. Boss CROKER, having killed a man himself, had no use for a Mayor who was squeamish about appointing man-killers to office. Man-killing was to be "vindicated," and the boss ordered the election of a Mayor who appointed the favorite man-killer without hesitation. An officer of the State committed an act which was denounced by the Bar Association as a crime, to deliver the State Senate into the hands of the bosses. He was rewarded by an obsequious Governor with a seat on the highest judicial bench of the State. The bosses now unite in demanding that he be continued in that seat by a regular nomination and election, not although, but *because* he has committed that crime. The "vindication" of crime in their interest is by this unholy alliance to be forced upon the people of the State. No people were ever more audaciously and systematically defied and insulted in their moral sense and their self-respect.

The foreign observer may wonder how an intelligent and not utterly enslaved people can endure this kind of government; and, indeed, we may wonder ourselves. MONTESQUIEU said that monarchies were founded on honor, republics on virtue. But here we have a monarchy which has not even the deceptive pretence of splendor and prestige, which nobody can serve without shame, and which has nothing to give but the booty of the public robber; a monarchy disgustingly vulgar in the viciousness of its aims and methods as well as in its *personnel*. CHARLES I. was beheaded and JAMES II. dethroned for misgovernment far less outrageous than this; and if the citizens of New York and Brooklyn were animated with the true spirit of freemen, they would at once silence the insidious promptings of a jealous party spirit, rise up with the peaceful weapon of the ballot in their hands, and relieve themselves of the disgraceful yoke of their bandit kings far more easily than the English rid themselves of the STUARTS.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

THERE has been much more talk of executive interference with the legislative branch of the government than is warranted by the facts. So far as Mr. CLEVELAND has interfered in the matter of the silver-repeal bill, for example, he has simply followed the example of his predecessors. The WEEKLY knows, on the very best authority, that neither Mr. CLEVELAND nor any member of his cabinet has assumed the tones of dictation, or promised or threatened to withhold favors, or even requested votes on the repeal bill on the ground that it is an administration measure and that its defeat would be the defeat of the President.

While there is no such thing known in our government as an administration measure, the President and the members of his cabinet are always interested in important bills that are under discussion in Congress. They would show a strange indifference to the requirements of their offices if they were not interested in questions of public concern. The bills that are before Congress are in process of becoming laws or of being prevented from becoming laws which the executive branch of the government must administer. Although the general rule is that the executive and the legislative branches of the government are independent of each other, nevertheless the President has a quasi-legislative function in the power of veto, and the Constitution requires him to "give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." This command does not prohibit him from discussing pending questions with individual Congressmen. The Constitution is not to be interpreted by the rule *expressio unius, exclusio alterius*. Mr. CLEVELAND, notwithstanding that he is President, has the same right as other citizens to discuss political questions with other citizens, even if those other citizens are Congressmen.

Mr. CLEVELAND, in the exercise of this privilege, has discussed the silver-repeal bill. But his critics insinuate that he has used the power of his office to influence Congressional opinions and votes; for one who talks of "executive interference" must mean to charge this, or his words are idle sound. Mr. CLEVELAND does what every one of his predecessors did—what JEFFERSON, JACKSON, POLK, and BUCHANAN notably did—less than Mr. HAYES did when the political legislation of 1879 was under consideration, and he braced the Republican minority in the two Houses to resist the efforts of the Democrats to repeal the election laws. Instead of interfering with the legislative body by a resort to threats or allurements, Mr. CLEVELAND is probably more sensitive than most of his predecessors have been as to the relations to be maintained by the President towards Congress. He is not only not intimidating any one, he is even refraining from conversation with men who, he finds, have distorted the expression of opinion into the utterance of threats. He is waiting anxiously, like all other good citizens, not for a victory or defeat for his own administration, but for the vote in the Senate that shall decide for or against the public welfare.

THE OKLAHOMA SCRAMBLE.

WHEN the sun set September the sixteenth the last great body of arable land in the United States was no longer a part of the public domain. To get possession of this land in the new Territory of Oklahoma there was the most disgraceful and disorderly scramble that has ever occurred in the distribution of public lands. And the methods employed in the sale of these lands at various times have not been good. On the contrary, they have always handicapped the actual home-seeker in favor of the land-grabber, the land-shark. But never have these sales been so flagrantly unjust as in the settlement of Oklahoma. When the first part of the Territory was thrown open to settlement, a few years ago, the method was that the first-comers should secure the pick of lands. Therefore there was a riotous race from the borders, in which many thousands engaged. But even the fleetest of these found the best lands already squatted upon by "sooners"—adventurers who had gone into the Territory before the legal time for entrance—and genuine settlers, who cared to secure homes worth having, were compelled by necessity to buy these "sooners" off, and then hold their quarter sections or town lots by actual force against all comers. This was a disgracefully undignified manner of settling a new Territory. The present administration of the land-office, in an effort to improve on this disorderly method of distribution, inaugurated a kind of lottery, and required all settlers entering the lands just disposed of to have certificates of registration. Offices were opened near by the borders of the new lands. These were so inadequate that men in the line at these registration offices actually dropped dead from fatigue and hardship while waiting their turn.

When the day arrived for the scramble to begin, the race of certificate-holders and men without certificates was just as mad as it had been on the former occasions. And the experience of the racers under the new method was the same as that under the old. When they arrived they found "sooners" in possession of about all that was worth having. A *bona fide* settler, with the means at command, would rather buy a "sooner" out than go without any land at all. In this scramble the bold, the desperate, the unscrupulous, the undeserving, have come in for all the good things. If such cruel injustice could by any chance happen again it is not a bad thing that the public domain ever to be open to settlement is a thing of the past.

Land-hunger, so notable a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, has caused the larger part of the United States to be settled within the present century. Those who were genuinely land-hungry, those who wished to own the land upon which they lived, have made in all times and all countries the best settlers in a new country. They have been law-abiding people, for without well-established courts of justice there could be no security in land titles. The genuine settlers that have gone to Oklahoma are no doubt of this class. But the speculators, the "sooners," and the land-pirates belong to an entirely different class; and the public officials, when they consider that in parting with this last large body of public land they have given all the advantage to the adventurers, and have deprived the deserving home-seekers of a fair chance, must look upon themselves with anything but serene satisfaction.

The idea of the Interior Department determining through its land-surveyors, in advance of settlement, that at this place and that there should be cities is absurd. A city in a democratic country is not built by official edict; it grows from natural causes. There is only one consolation in this whole undignified business—it cannot happen again.

WOMEN WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

It must have been half a century ago that a certain woman looked out of the window in a certain New York State town and exclaimed, in excited tones: "Gracious, sisters, look! Here comes Mrs. Green, walking down the street with her own husband!" It is all of twoscore years since Mrs. Green moved her husband and her daughters away from that quiet place to broader fields of enterprise; but her memory is still verdant there, and the older inhabitants lament the lessened interest in life which was a consequence of her departure.

Communities are not half grateful enough to the devoted women who ameliorate the tediousness of provincial existence by getting themselves talked about. Women who go so far as to make scandals or mar the peace of families do damage, and it is just and ethical to blame them, however much conversation may result. But, surely, women who combine with fundamental discretion sufficient catholicity of regard for men to make the neighbors talk about their friendships are entitled to large shares of credit for the animated discussions to which they give rise. All women cannot flirt. Some do not know how, and if they did, there are not men enough to go around. But almost all women can talk about the woman who, in their opinion, does flirt, and can be shocked to ecstasy by the reputed impropriety of her behavior, and stirred to a grateful appreciation of the sanity of their own conduct by contrasting it with hers.

The occasional dame who has an exceptional gift for platonic friendships can be the attached and devoted wife of one husband, and yet find room in her mind and heart for a shifting squad of other gentlemen, in whom her interest is as lively and cordial as it is innocent. She is a highly useful and commendable sort of woman, who makes her home attractive, and whose husband usually understands and appreciates her. But the common run of her feminine coevals either cannot or will not understand her, and are too prone to talk about her endlessly as a foe to her own sex and a snare to the other. Cases have been known where women of this sort were so guiltless of evil design and so unaware of imprudent conduct as never to suspect that they were talked about. To afford so much talk without any real mischief done, and without even a consciousness of the service rendered, would seem an ideal form of benevolent activity to which kind women might be expected to aspire. Yet somehow, for all that it does their fellows so much good and themselves so little harm, women almost always prefer some other form of altruistic usefulness.

Women who have talked a good deal themselves about other women are especially chary about getting at the object end of the social glass, and make the most grotesque efforts sometimes to avoid even a whisper of criticism. It is stated as a fact, with the names and places given, so that one must believe it, that a woman of a careful Boston family, who was confident that she knew what proper conduct was, was spending the summer in a cottage in the White Mountains, when one day, while her husband was away fishing, a friend came to visit him. She kept the visitor to dinner; but her husband's return being delayed by a storm, she sat up all night with the poor gentleman in the parlor rather than go to bed unchaperoned with a strange man in the house. Alas! she defeated her own ends, since, instead of being lauded as a woman who knew what was right, she exposed herself to the mortifying suggestion that there must have been some thrice harrowing experiences back of so unconscionable a distrust in male mankind.

For the futile and unnecessary sufferings of such a martyr one is bound to have pity, tempered though it may be with a smile. Not so with those sticklers for an artificial and inconvenient code of propriety whose chosen attitude seems to be to sit with one foot slyly thrust forward for the unwary to stumble over. When a dame of that stamp trips over her own obstructiveness, sympathy may reasonably take the form of a hope that the lesson may do her good.

PROFESSORS AND THEIR PAY.

President Harper, of the Chicago University, has been suggesting in a contemporary magazine that college professors should have more pay. None of them, he says, are paid as well as the head men in the business world. Only professors of the highest grade get as much as the lower grades of responsible officers of railroads and insurance companies, while the salaries of the lower class of professors compare with the wages of skilled workmen in the mechanical industries. Dr. Harper thinks such compensation painfully inadequate. He says that the professors cannot keep up on what they are getting, to say nothing of buying the books they need and spending their vacations in improving travel. His preaching on the subject twins absolutely with his practice, since, as will be remembered, he is the identical President Harper who was lately implicated in a successful conspiracy to bull the brains market by offering all the best professors in the world large pecuniary inducements to come to Chicago. His experience with professors has doubtless persuaded him that he knows what they most need, and he is probably right when he suggests that it is more money.

But it is that way with almost all of us. We all need larger salaries. If there was any immediate prospect that the professors would get the increase that Dr. Harper recommends, not a word should be uttered here to hinder it. Inasmuch, however, as no such prospect threatens, or can be blighted by argument, there is no harm in recalling that except in the matter of pay the professor has one of the delightfulest of all the jobs. He has the long summer vacation that makes him the envied of all men except the preachers. He does not have to neglect his mind, as other men do, in order to focus his faculties on his work, but his very business in life is understood to be the cultivation and enlargement of his intellectuals. Every one is expected to sacrifice something to success in his calling. What would the professor sacrifice if not money? If he were adequately paid, what dams or barriers would suffice to keep the multitude from swooping down on the pedagogical calling and swamping it with competition?

But there are better grounds than these on which we who are not professors may comfort ourselves about the professors' pay, for it may be sincerely argued that comparatively poor professors are more truly and usefully instructive to us than rich ones would be. In a world that is full of rich people who confuse and fluster us by their elaborate scale of living we have reason to be grateful for the perpetuation of a few orders of men whose circumstances encourage them to set the example of a comparatively frugal existence. The professors, by continuing poor and at the same time highly respectable and agreeable, make it easier for us to keep our hold on plain living, and to remember that a man's highest happiness does not necessarily lie in the elaboration of his domestic apparatuses. Moreover, the professors and their wives being clever people and fertile of resource, the rest of us get much practical benefit from observing the methods and expedients to which they have recourse to make small salaries yield the greatest amount of simple comfort. We notice where they spend their summers, and whether or not their children go barefoot in the country, and what their amusements are, and how much regard they find it advisable to pay to shifting fashions in raiment. By living as they do on such incomes as they have they help to keep the scale of civilized living within feasible bounds, and though it may not be especially exhilarating to them to do it, it is vastly useful to us to have it done. In olden times we used to hear about the New England preachers who reared and educated large families on a salary of five hundred dollars a year. It was an encouragement to persons of limited means to know that such exploits were actually possible. So now it is a solace and a help to be aware how intelligent and enviable an existence can be maintained in college towns on such salaries as professors receive.

Of course it is not expected that such considerations as these will induce professors to stickle for very moderate salaries when hiring out, or refuse such increased emoluments as come their way; but if they must be comparatively poor we do well to appreciate any incidental benefits that inure to us from their condition; and it may be some solace to them to believe that their exemplary economies are good for us, even though somewhat rasping to themselves.

MACHINERY AND CHARACTER.

In a recent Editor's Study, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner takes occasion to consider the subject of certain labor-saving, or, more properly speaking, hand-work-destroying, machinery from the point of view of the unhappy Mr. Ruskin; or at least Mr. Warner asks some questions on this subject which leave a suspicion that he sympathizes with the perturbed Mr. Ruskin.

The point raised by Mr. Warner is, may not the general substitution of machine for hand work have a bad effect on the character of folks in general? and he especially instances the vanishing of the old ways of making butter—the decay of the churn, in short. Formerly the making of butter was distinctly hand-work all the way through, the mechanical appliances being simple and subordinate. It was a pleasant, almost an artistic, employment, and the production of a given lot of butter was the occupation of several days' time. Now all is changed. Mr. Warner's cow is driven in from pasture, and a mechanical milking apparatus is attached to her. The milk is conveyed directly to a whirring cream-separator, which is in league with another buzzing machine that takes the place of the fallen churn; and when the astonished cow looks back over her shoulder, as the hired man drives her out into the pasture again and puts up the bars, it is to see the farmer starting for market with her butter in a patent firkin, and meditating as to what proportion of the money obtained therefor he shall send to his daughter at college, and what part apply to making a payment on his new combined electric incubator and chicken-feeding apparatus. Mr. Warner says that this sort of thing grieves Mr. Ruskin, as of course everybody knows, and hints that he doesn't cotton to it much himself.

With a lively recognition of the truth in this view of the subject, we desire to ask if there is not something to be said on the other side. What was the churn, anyhow, that we should deplore its passing? Who can tell how many boys have been driven from the farm by this same churn? We can point with absolute certainty to at least one notable instance. We refer to the late Jay Gould, who left his personal testimony to the fact in one of his rare autobiographical notes. On the Gould homestead power for this departed churn was furnished by a tread-mill, the operating of which devolved on either young Jay or a certain trained sheep. Jay and the sheep would play about the yard in beautiful companionship (like Mary and *her* wool-producing animal) till preparations for churning began to be made, when Jay, in his own words, would "light out," leaving the sheep to tread the churn-mill alone. But though the sheep is a foolish creature, this particular mutton at last got the wool out of his eyes, and when Jay lit out he also decamped, in an opposite direction. At this the elder Gould took a hand in the proceedings. Whether the sheep was the better of the two at lighting out, or whether the old gentleman doubted the efficacy of corporal punishment for a sheep, is not stated, but certain it is that this form of family attention was reserved for Jay, and he was brought back and adjusted on the tread-mill. "I concluded," he adds, "that I didn't care much for farming anyhow, and soon left, and never went back." Of course it is probable that, from a financial point of view, Mr. Gould did just as well as if he had stuck to the farm—perhaps better—but who can say that it was as well for the other sides of his character?

Without going so far as to say that all boys are driven from the farm by the churn, we nevertheless make bold to assert that it was a disagreeable agricultural implement, requiring altogether too much physical exertion to operate it. The old-fashioned up-and-down kind, in which it took the butter two hours and a half to "come," was the worst, but the more recent revolving variety was bad enough. Mr. Warner speaks of the calm joy of "setting" the milk in the old way and waiting "through the still hours of night" for the cream to rise. This was pleasant if the mosquitoes were not so bad that you couldn't sleep; but is there no joy in operating a machine so ingenious and complicated as the detested "separator" must be? For there must be a man somewhere back of your most modern and obnoxious machine. The farmer cannot desert his new-fangled machinery and go away to the World's Fair with the reasonable hope that the cow will adjust herself to the milking-machine, that the rest of the apparatus will buzz out the butter, and that the horse will trot away to market with it and collect the money. If the plan worked up to this point it would still fail, because the horse would spend the money in a riotous round of oats and extravagant purchases of first-quality hay. It is true that the man back of such a machine usually is a man, since its complexity is probably such that it cannot appeal to the unmechanical mind of woman; but Mr. Warner himself admits that the dairymaid is already away in college, and as for the farmer's wife, her time is fully taken up in looking after the dish-washing machine and the electric baby-tender.

After all, is it not largely a matter of degree? There is undeniably a subtle and beneficial influence on the character in hand-work; but who shall say where hand-work ends and machine-work begins? The churn was a palpable machine, and the butter-ladle an unmistakable tool. They may not have been as "machiny" as the "separator," but barring the latter's greater facilities for snipping off the fingers of the hired man, has it a worse effect on the character of the operator? As a race, have not we reached a point where we have sufficient strength of character to withstand more of the alleged deleterious effects of machinery than formerly? Is it not once more a question of degree, and that we shall soon adjust ourselves to the greater prevalence of machinery? No doubt machinery has been crowding in upon us very rapidly the last few years, but perhaps we can digest it if given a little time. Latter-day machinery suffers from standing too close to us. Poetry refuses to attach itself to an article on which the patent has not expired. Odes to arc-light and sonnets on separators will come in good time; and a half-century from now may find some one writing a thoughtful "Study" article to deplore the passing away of the good old days of the hand-work separator, and seriously questioning the influence on character of this new patent machine run by an interstellar-ether engine, in which the grass is pitched into the hopper and firkins of butter roll out at the other end.

ENGLISH SUICIDES.

So sober a paper as the *Spectator* of London recently remarked that there was an "epidemic of suicides" in England. Now "epidemic," in any such sense as this, is, we have been often assured, an Americanism, and an Americanism is a sort of *lèse-majesté* against the English language as used by the small fraction of English-speaking people who write for English journals. The offender in this case, as a feeble mitigation of this particular lesion to the majesty of the English tongue, ascribed the prevalence of suicide in the British Islands, in a half-hearted way, to the weather, which had been very dry for a very long time. We do not believe he really thought that the weather had anything to do with the matter, for he straightway advanced the theory that it was due to the excessive love of pleasure and fear of pain which are rapidly relaxing the fibre of the English nature.

For our part we suspect that suicides have not been much more frequent this summer in England than usual, and that what makes them seem so is simply the eagerness with which the newspapers have recorded and discussed them as a relief to the eternal Irish question. Or if there are actually more persons who have their quietus made, it is just as likely to have been from disgust with politics as from the weather. What is noteworthy, though, is that there has raged in the British papers a wild debate over the right and wrong of suicide, in which a considerable number of writers, quite above the average—as their letters show—in education, or at least in familiarity with books and ability to write, have strongly sustained the right of any one in a desperate condition as to health, wealth, or happiness to destroy his own life.

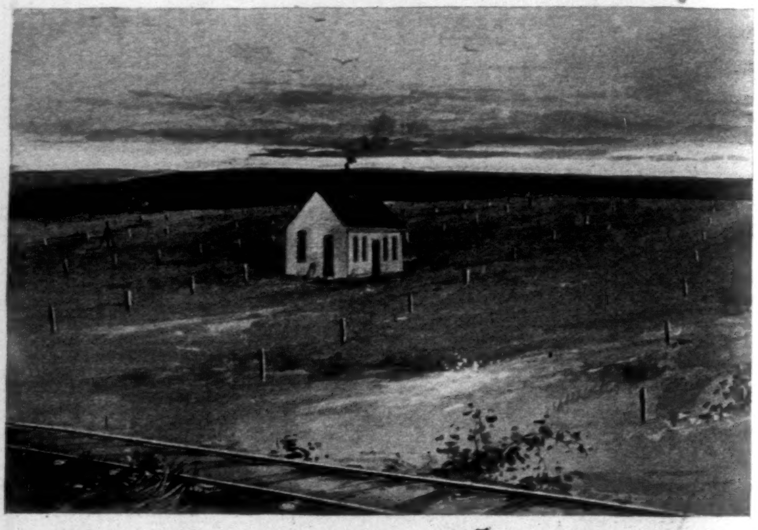
The fatal weakness in this argument is the assumption that suicide is necessarily the destruction of life. It is the end of this life, and the fact of another life after this is not demonstrable to persons who reject the authority of Christian teaching; but to any one capable of reasoning on the subject at all, the assumption that life ends with the close of the form of it known to us is, to say the least, quite as tremendous as the opposite, so that the mere shuffling off this coil cannot with any sense be regarded as a finality. Apart from this, the very common explanation of suicide by "temporary insanity" is founded on a wide range of known facts, and though it is not an explicit and perfectly trustworthy explanation, it comes as near to one as we are likely to get. In any case, all our reasoning about the abstract question will probably neither hinder nor cause a single suicide, but it is just as well, in questions of this sort, to give some rein to common-sense, and not to discard the long teachings of the experience of the race. In the great mass of cases suicide may be taken as due to insanity or something worse.

ORLANDO, SEPTEMBER 14TH.—SELLING WATER AT THE RAILROAD STATION: "ONLY FIVE CENTS FOR A BIG CANFUL."

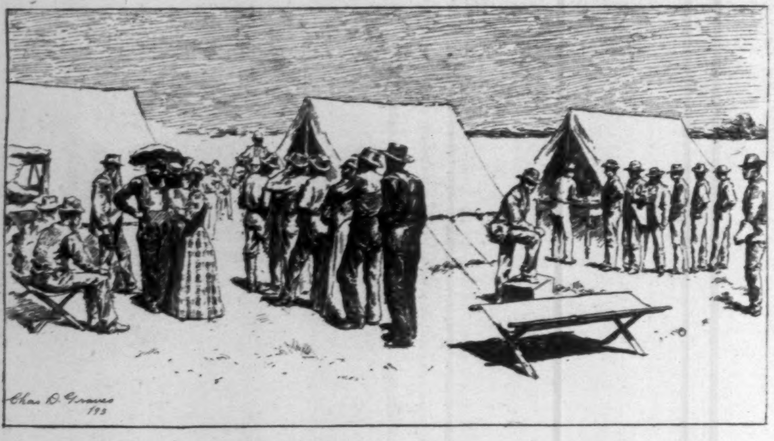
WICHITA, SEPTEMBER 13TH.—SELLING WATER TO "STRIPPERS" ON THE TRAIN, FIFTY CENTS A CANTEEN.

ORLANDO, SEPTEMBER 14TH.—"COME ON, YOU THIRSTY PEOPLE, FIVE CENTS FOR ALL YOU CAN DRINK. PURE CRYSTAL COOL WATER."

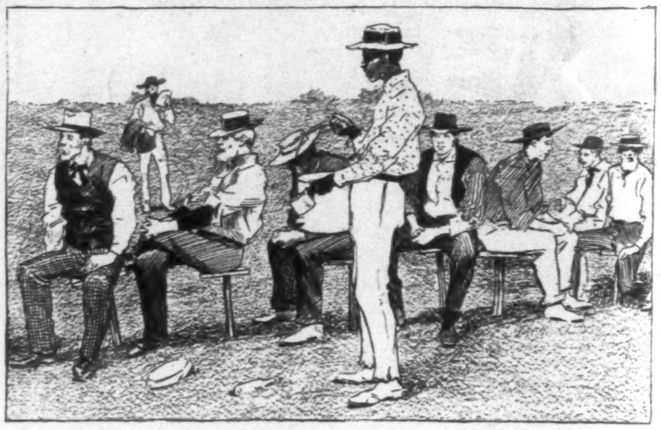
TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE GREAT RUSH—ON THE SOUTH LINE OF THE INDIAN SCHOOL RESERVE, NEAR ARKANSAS CITY.



SITE OF THE FUTURE CITY OF PERRY, SHOWING UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE. POPULATION SEPTEMBER 15TH, 0; SEPTEMBER 16TH, ABOUT 20,000.



REGISTRATION BOOTHS ON THE "LINE," SOUTH OF ARKANSAS CITY, SEPTEMBER 15TH.

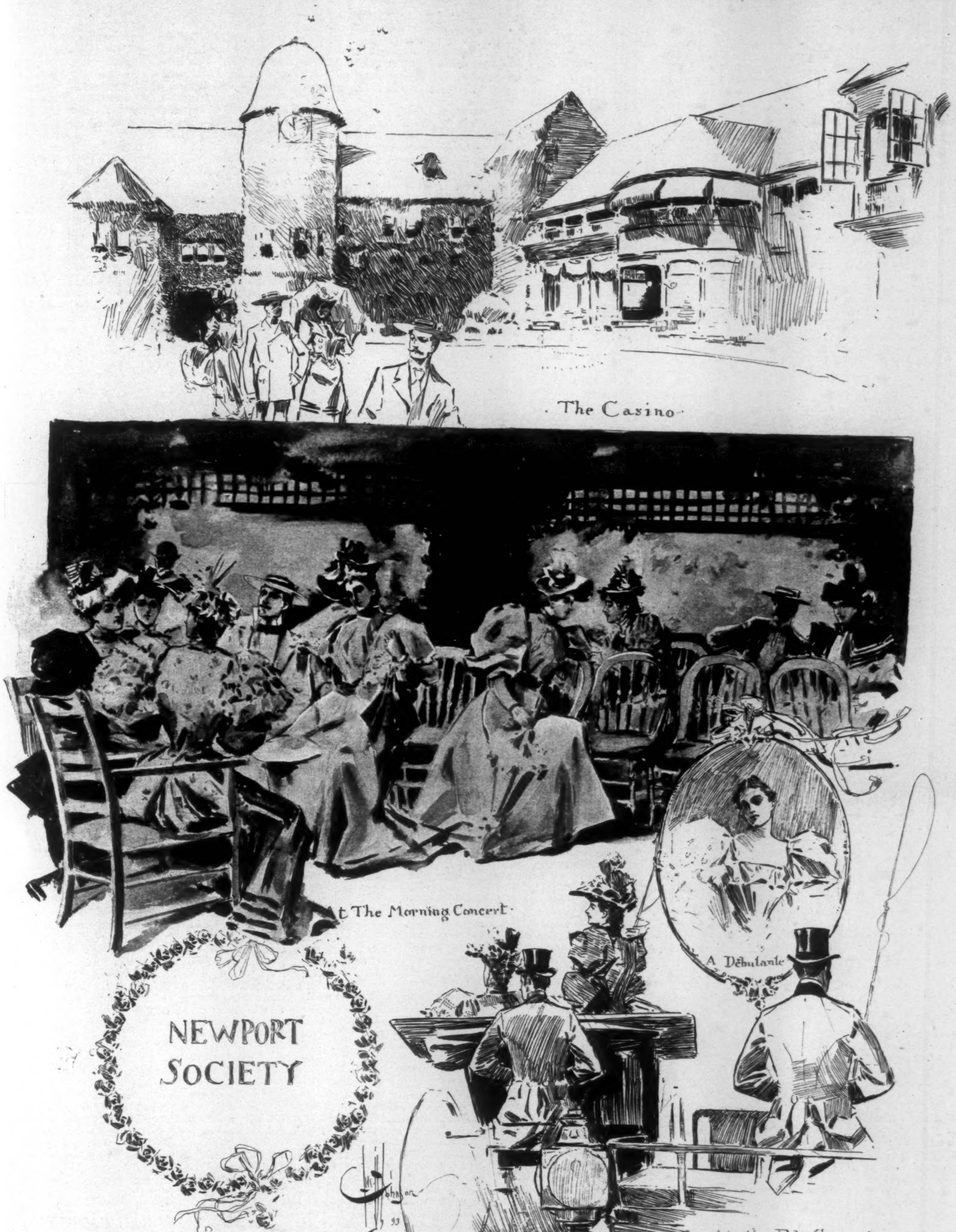


ON THE "REGISTRATION STOOLS" AT THE END OF THE LINE, ARKANSAS CITY, SEPTEMBER 15TH.

THE GRAND RUSH AT NOON OF SEPTEMBER 16TH—LOOKING EAST ALONG THE SOUTH LINE OF INDIAN SCHOOL RESERVE.

THE OPENING OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT BY H. WORRALL.



The Casino

At The Morning Concert

A Débutante

At the Polo Grounds

NEWPORT SOCIETY

FASHIONABLE life in America is subject to quick and sudden changes. For this reason to speak of society as it was a few years ago in Newport may not be to represent it as it is now. There was a time, for instance, when hotel life prevailed there over cottage life. Hotels were made attractive by the leading ladies of fashion. Once, as we all know, a rivalry existed in Catherine Street between the Filmore House and the Bellevue, because Mrs. Pringle of South Carolina stopped at the one, and Mrs. Pell of New York stopped at the other.

It was not an uncommon thing when you arrived at Newport, cold and dejected, at three o'clock in the morning, to hear a hackman calling in a cheery voice: "Are you for Mrs. Pell of New York, or for Mrs. Pringle of South Carolina? Here I am for aither!" He knew that those who heard him, being friends of both, would understand his joke and forgive him his sauciness.

There are many persons who, remembering these things, will say, with a sigh, "Those were really the exclusive days of Newport, her most aristocratic times." None believe this more than some of the old tradespeople, who look with the eyes of aliens upon the loud and showy life of the present day of fashion, although in matters of business this life is vastly better for them. These people, by-the-way, with their old traditions of Revolutionary glory, are a most exclusive set. As Colonel Higginson once wittily said, "A baby born on board a ship in the harbor of Newport could never rightly be called a Newporter, but must always be a foreigner."

Until within quite a late date in its cottage life the world dined at three o'clock in the afternoon, the drive following later. Even dinner parties were given at that early hour. Those were the days of high tea, with veritable hot cakes and waffles. Now every one dines between eight and nine, but what they have for dinner will be served to us later on.

It is by no means an easy affair, being asked to those dinners. They who go to Newport now, stopping at hotels and expecting to enter society, will not do it. Neither will they who go there taking cottages. One is admitted to society in Newport, indeed, only after the continued effort of many summers, after patient yearly comings, always with a paraphernalia that would pass as *en règle* were admission granted. Frequently, however, much more has to be done before the existence of the devotee is even recognized. All aspirants, indeed, are ignored until a certain time of probation has been passed. Then they may never be admitted into society.

Who has not seen the vacant stare which passes from the indifferent eye of an habitué over the contour of a new-comer? Many a stout heart must quail under it. To those who understand the subject, just to watch the passers-by on Bellevue Avenue is like watching a play; to read the names of new-comers on the real-estate list, like reading a romance. For many an aspirant one summer with its disappointments suffices. Hope ever rises in the hearts of

others. They come again and yet again, and then—sometimes suddenly they find themselves *in*.

Do you ask what can and what cannot admit one? The answer is, "No one can tell." You might think that money could do it. 'Twas money once everywhere, but it is not all money any longer anywhere. We are used now to our millions and even to our billions. Those who have money and have failed know this to be true. Yet, to do money full justice, it is not always found that society at Newport is hardened against it. Yet it is not money alone which admits the outsider, for money is very plentiful there, and has ceased to cause surprise. It would show great ignorance to think that cleverness could admit one. I mean that cleverness which disturbs you while it makes you admire, applaud, and appreciate.

Such cleverness calls for too much exertion and exacts too much attention. It is not cleverness, therefore; nor is it beauty for the women, nor a good tailor for the men, for beauty and good dressing are to be found without stint both in and out of society—they have become professions. Then if it is not money alone, nor cleverness, nor beauty, nor good dressing, what is it?

It seems to me in one word—*conventionality*.

Society does not like to be startled or surprised. It can only let itself be agitated along well-established, long-approved-of lines. Conventionality may be described as a monotony of conduct, a conformity to outward appearances. This conformity in one set of society and in one place may not suit another set nor another place, although, broadly speaking, it is everywhere about the same. The conventionality which belongs to Newport is entirely its own. It has some points which have grown out of circumstances. To preserve them, is to secure its own peace and comfort. For instance, society in Newport has certain things to do and certain places to frequent. It sees no object in any change of custom. It does not boat, it seldom fishes (only the men ever fish), and it bathes in the sea *sub rosa*.

In speaking of society one refers, of course, to the occupants of those beautiful carriages and turnouts which one sees dashing in and out of the grounds of their own cottages as they pay visits to each other, and who, after that, drive at stated times up and down the Avenue or around the Ocean Drive, when the huge red watering-cart has gone before. Society means those persons who are known by sight to every one, and for whom most curiosity is felt. Of course there are many who are well ensconced within the pale who do not answer to this description, but they are not so conspicuous, and therefore are shielded from too much observation and criticism.

One of the curious and interesting conventionalities of Newport is how and when to bow. When you meet an acquaintance for the first time that day you bow pleasantly and satisfactorily. After that you must not show even by the flutter of an eyelash that you see them again. If your eyes should meet, they must each glance apart with a leaden and most non-committal stare. Should the encounter be with a friend, a slight gleam of recognition may be admitted, but with this protest in your expression: "This is all very well for once, but you know it can't go on, for we have done it before." It is admissible to bow in the afternoon, even though you have bowed in the morning, because you are now performing a separate function. In the morning you were shopping or calling, now you are engaged in driving.

There was once an effort made to induce the townspeople of Newport to widen Thames Street for shopping purposes. It is now a narrow, picturesque relic of colonial times, but most inconvenient for modern carriages and vehicles. The scheme involved more expense and discussion than was expected. Over and above the expense, however, there was discovered an obstinate affection on the part of the townspeople for things as they were. What was good enough for Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, Chastellux, etc., who were entertained by those men whose descendants now own the shops, was good enough for these degenerate days and for the people who want to meddle and alter. So nothing was ever done. The fashionable and enterprising element was baffled in its effort to have its shopping district made more comfortable and commodious.

Another bone of contention has come up of late. To touch upon it is to touch upon a very delicate subject.

There is at present a certain friction between the townspeople and the summer people on the hill, or, as they are familiarly called, the "townies" and the "hillers." The trouble has been caused by the running of electric cars across the daily haunts of the summer people. This may seem a small matter, but it has struck its roots of discontent deep into fashionable life; therefore it is necessary to speak of it, and also to say that the things that are disliked in Newport are disliked in communities, and the things that are approved of are also approved of in communities.

A company from Providence started the idea of an excursion line to Newport. Strange to say, this pleased the "townies," but the "hillers" strongly contested the bill. There were meetings and offers of compromise, but the company was obdurate. The summer people fought it and lost it. This line brings the people from the small manufacturing towns in the neighborhood, and also from Providence, for fresh air upon the beach. Electric cars meet them at the wharf and carry them across the town to this beach. If this tramway had been carried through the meadows below Ayrault Street all might have gone well, but the persistent little thing puts in an impertinent appearance and crosses Bellevue Avenue just where it isn't wanted, and where it is impossible to endure it and keep your temper. This also makes a very different place of Newport from the time when it had both exclusion and seclusion, and could only be reached by boat at three o'clock in the morning. A sufficient concession had been made to the outside world when some of the wealthy men of Newport secured a special communication between her and the regular New York and Boston trains.

This would have been sufficient as a means of communication if the "townies" had seen their interest to be one with the "hillers"—the hillers who brought untold wealth into the town to spend on enormous butchers' bills and on all that goes toward extravagant living. It is easy to see that this trolley could not please the summer people. There is cause for annoyance to those who have spirited horses. Possible runaways, broken backs, or occasional accidents are always before one. For this reason the fashionables require that a quiet horse and a quiet frown shall go out together for their morning's shopping. There is to be no lingering in Thames Street, no pleasure in it. You are there on business, and you must let the inhabitants feel it. You are to wear your simplest gowns, and your livery is to be absent or quite shorn of its glory. No longer are spirited horses brought to be tangled up in Thames Street with trucks and lumber carts or to be frightened with the tramways. Once it was suggested that Spring Street should carry off these carts and trucks, so leaving Thames Street to the pleasure-seekers; but now these saucy little electric cars have laid hold of Spring Street, and there is no place for the trucks but just to tie themselves up with the ladies' carriages, and to jostle everybody and everything. It is certainly in Thames Street now as Mother Goose expresses it,

"In and out, in and out,
On shop-nose day."

A geographical change at Newport is now in preparation. On that breezy old farm at Bateman's Point the Golf Club is located. Around it are superb sites for building, and grand views enough to inspire fashion to erecting her palaces in a regular line around the Ocean Drive. Soon it will have a kingdom of its own away from Newport town, with its own avenues, its own roads. Then, if it imports its own marketing, as I have heard many families are doing, and it shops only at Collamore's, at Sypher's, and at Howard's, who are on the hill, and if it has its own milliners' and other shops, and even its Casino Club, there too, what need is there ever to meet the tramway and its excursionists, or even to remember their existence? This, at least, is what some of them say and think. "All that is on the other side of that saucy intrusion, which Newport may have and be welcome." But presto! here is a change. Rumor says that one or two of the rich cottagers have just bought the electric cars and company out. Will they change it?

The Casino is a place of public amusement. It is not the cottagers' very own, for they share it with the outside world, and this makes them somewhat lukewarm about it. The Casino in itself is the prettiest, the daintiest, the most picturesque and refined of spots. Just to walk through the grounds sets one to dreaming of gallantry and chivalry, of romantic encounters, of beginnings and endings of life-long loves, of everything that is romantic, that is beautiful and gentle and true. There plays the Hungarian band. It sobs and moans and wails in its own queer music till it breaks the heart; then it gathers up everything in a frenzy, and dashes it wildly to the winds, as it wails on, sobbing out its notes while the people stroll and listen and wonder.

Then there is the Casino ballroom—a white room which calls for turquoise silk hangings and other decorations, but which it will never have, for fashion does not honor it enough to pay for them. Twice a week this ballroom is opened, and tickets are sold generally. A crowd sits in the gallery to see the élite of swelldom arrive, and twice a week the élite fail to arrive. The room fills up, dancing goes on, and many think they have seen society, and go away pleased, having enjoyed the sight.

One evening of the week, for no known reason, has more of a chance than the others. Society comes then, and this is the way it is done:

After the evening is far spent, a flutter is seen about the large entrance door, and as many as twenty or more people will suddenly confront the public. They move in a solid phalanx across the floor and take seats, then they float out together in long waltzes. They skirmish up and down in hopping polkas; they even dance quadrilles of their own forming. The floor now being greatly relieved of a promiscuous crowd, they give themselves up to enjoyment, and the eye is delighted with the beauty of form and dress.

This sudden and solid arrival of so many at once is the outcome of dinner parties—society has come with one accord to have a good last dance before the music stops.

As for the off night, it is entirely snubbed, and if any of the grand ladies are going to give a dance, they are almost certain to choose one of these nights, thereby drawing away all possible chance of a success from the Casino. Yet at times these women have a sort of conscience toward the Casino, for their husbands are stockholders and managers, and have money at stake in its success, so they rally at times, and turn out for subscription balls, dazzling the public with beautiful toilets, superb jewels, and their own graciousness. Great punctilio is observed, however, in stated plans, as to how each shall go in to supper, so that no intruders shall find their way among them. Certain tables are set apart to receive them. After that, *sauve qui peut*, and the crowd enters.

Cottage life is the centre and core of Newport society. It aims at the exclusion of publicity, at the seclusion of home life, with every inch of its grounds open to view. It is about as secluded as the cups and saucers at an afternoon tea. It is no effort, however, to maintain this ostrich view of things, for everything is arranged to preserve it. They all think they live secluded lives, for there is nothing to bring them in contact with any one but themselves. They all do about the same things. They go to the same places. Their belongings are bought from the same shops. Their clothes come from the same tailors and well-known modistes. They buy the same flowers to decorate their tables. They have the same dishes. They drink the same wines. They have the same plans for their children. Their children drive the same little pony carts. They have the same sort of servants, the same grooms, the same harness, and the same sameness about everything. Yet, with it all, it is so refined, so well-appointed, so luxurious, so beautiful, that any one might envy the possession and enjoyment of it all.

Take their luncheons and dinners, for instance. Look around at the beautiful and refined appointments, at the well-bred faces, the well-dressed women. Look at the glass and silver and gold. The flunkies bearing aloft the salvers of fruits, as if at Belshazzar's feast. Every conceivable dish is there, either in or out of season. As a wit has said, "Everything, even from the apples of Sodom to English grapes at six dollars a pound." Then hear the talk, for it can hardly be called conversation. It scarcely comes up to the standard of the grapes, though it is often equal to the apples of Sodom.

When the women are intimate their talk is a little risqué. They often speak as if on the edge of a precipice, but fortunately the waiters now are either French or Italian, and do not understand. "There is nothing that the virtuous worldly woman knows so well as the vices of others." Nothing is more entertaining than to discuss them.

As for the household appointments, think of satin sheets—of blue and pink and black and white satin! Think of $2000 for four pairs of sheets! Think of embroidered sheets trimmed with lace at $500 a pair, with night-dresses to match! Think of turquoise and diamond necklaces to wear with them, of bracelets to match! One has even heard of solitaire rings for those poor little things that are one day to be turned up to the daisies.

What do you think of one hundred and fifty rods in a room, with one hundred and fifty gowns hanging thereon? What think you of costly lace toilet covers? of tortoise-shell jewel-boxes? of enameled brushes? of moonstones in coffee spoons? of diamonds in *honi-soits?* and of dozens and dozens of other astonishing things? Then the society girl (God love her!). Perhaps there have been moments in her life when she has wished that things were different with her. I hope so, because I like her. But she will have a hard time of it until she has been pruned and trimmed to suit her surroundings. Mrs. Grundy stands sponsor for her. She is absolutely under the control of conformity, and Mrs. Grundy has done it. I hope she has never had any very great longings outside of her possibilities, for there is no one to match her with, if she becomes original. Yet, there is a good deal in her, and she might enlarge her life. The society man is not her equal. Then why should she *not* marry a foreigner? Englishmen can hardly be called that who are of our own race and language. These men seem much more impressed with her loveliness than our own young men are, nor are they one whit more married for their money than our society men stand ready to be. Alas! the truth is this about our young men of swelldom: they have all so recently sworn to lead club lives that they are entirely occupied with the effort to join all the clubs. They have to work as hard to get initials after their names, which will give them prestige among their associates, as has an artist, a literary or scientific man. So it happens that the large fortunes which they really covet escape them and go out of the country; then they grumble that our girls of the world have chosen their fate away from their own country and from them. An idle American does not always make the better husband of the two; perhaps he is too new to the occupation of idleness. He can't escape from himself yet into paths of ambition or of public usefulness.

IN THE JAVA VILLAGE.

When one tires of the constant stream of humanity that surges up and down the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair, let him turn into the little stockaded Java village on the right soon after entering the avenue. The odd little houses of bamboo and palm leaves line both sides of their neatly kept thoroughfares. So neat are they that a piece of stray paper blowing across one of their streets will attract the attention of the Javanese street-cleaning bureau, *i.e.*, an old fellow with a palm-leaf basket. Chase is immediately given, and the culprit is seized bodily and carried off to the refuse pile.

First of all seat yourself at one of the many little tables on the coffee-house veranda and order coffee or tea from one of the turbaned attendants. Having tasted their coffee, I venture to say that your estimation of these sunny little people will go up a hundred per cent. Nowhere on the grounds can you get coffee to equal it. Now beckon to one of the natives, put a nickel in his hand, and he will in return place before you two curiously wrapped cigarettes. At first they will seem a bit odd, but after two or three puffs you will find that you fancy them. Should you happen to take your rest and coffee at the close of the day, you probably will hear at the other end of the village street a strange weird strain of music. It comes steadily nearer and nearer, and before you file past six or eight musicians keeping time on curious instruments. They form in a circle at the door of their theatre, still keeping up their music, and having played or serenaded the people who gather about them, they file slowly into the theatre. Buy a ticket and pass in if you would enjoy one of the most interesting and artistic exhibitions of the sort on the ground. The play lasts about forty-five minutes.

The musicians, some thirty in number, are seated on raised benches at the back of the stage, facing the audience. They enter into the spirit of the play, and at times burst out in loud laughter at the antics of the light comedian as he romps about the stage. At the rear and highest row of the orchestra swing two heavy bronze gongs. An old man sits between them, and ever and anon gives one a subdued bang. The larger gong of the two is said by experts to utter as deep a tone as it is possible to get from metal. To the right and left of the stage are the entrances and exits. The players usually enter masked. The costumes are rich and harmonious in color. The dialogue is carried on by a prompter who sits behind a screen in the centre of the stage just in front of the musicians, and the movements of the actors fit so nicely to the speaker's words that you are carried well on into the play before you are aware of the counterfeit.

At the end of the play the orchestra suddenly strikes up "Yankee Doodle," and before you have time to straighten out the smile on your face, "America" bursts forth to an accompaniment of gongs, bells, drums, and reed instruments. The audience applaud, and seek the open air and more coffee.

The entire village was built by these people. When the electric-light poles were put in, they were so offensive to the artistic eyes of the Javanese that they spent nearly the whole night in covering them with a matted grass. One of their first acts was to erect a watch-tower where their lookout could warn them of the approach of tigers, and it took nearly a week of persuasion to convince them of the uselessness of the tower. E. W. Kemble.

A FLORAL CARNIVAL.

When a game of polo which he witnessed at Colorado Springs was described by Richard Harding Davis, under the title of "Polo in the Clouds," and the absolutely unique and individualized population of Colorado Springs was brought into prominence, the credulity of some readers was tested.

Mr. Davis's description was accurate, since the polo grounds and Colorado Springs are at least 6500 feet above sea-level. The latest doing of these people, whose amusements are carried on at a cloud height, was a great floral carnival, held September 9th, which bade fair to warrant the speculation that the famous triumvirate of Bethlehem, Newport, and Santa Barbara would have to look alive or have the honor wrested from them of holding the most unique mountain-coach, tally-ho, and floral fêtes.

Colorado Springs is individualized, even though it is more cosmopolitan than important Atlantic seaboard cities. Many of its present inhabitants have participated in the annual carnivals at Newport, the White Mountains, and those of southern California, and with a seeming indifference to the *silver* wail with which they were surrounded, they conceived and successfully carried through a wild-flower fête of extraordinary beauty and magnitude.

Colorado Springs is situated at the gateway to the Rockies, and at its wide doors wild flowers grow in profusion, including the small variety of the sunflower known as "Black-eyed Susan."

The sunflower ruled the day. The line of procession was formed by mounted police, followed by a Ute in full war-paint and regalia. Then came the decorated bicycles, whose transit conveyed the idea of a moving field of flowers. Following the wheels came the tally-ho's, brakes, tandems, wagonettes, and an authentic jinrikisha.

The most interesting feature of the entire carnival was the display of originality, which ranged from wild flowers frozen in huge blocks of ice to a little darky around whose bared head mammoth sunflower petals extended, and almost hid the little mountain burro who carried this extraordinary artificial flower.

Every vehicle in the line was profusely decorated with mountain-ash, the sunflower, wild clematis, and the beautiful purple flower known as the knight's-plume. The four-in-hand prize was taken by Mr. T. G. Condon, of New York. The brake prize was taken by Mr. T. C. Parrish, the artist, driving Mrs. Parrish, Miss Davidge, and Mr. Nelson H. Partridge, of Brooklyn. Other New-Yorkers participating were Mr. and Mrs. Mason Davidge, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hayes (*née* Miss Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis), Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crosby, Mr. W. H. Leonard, Misses Higginson, Mr. and Miss Raney, W. F. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Edsall, Godfrey Kissell, and Count Pourtales.

Flowers dominated the day, and the prospective value of a silver dollar was drowned, for the hour at least, at Colorado Springs.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

THE MEISTERSINGER.

THE magic moment of the eve has come,
When keen behind the hill the after-glow
Makes gold and flame of heaven, too soon to change
To mother-of-pearl; and hark! the hid thrush sings
His master-song, wee Walter of the wood,
So silvery and sweet that one is sure
He'll win his Eva, put to shame for aye
All rivals, prove himself a knight indeed
At minstrelsy, and live by music's might
So long as men have ears and Time a tongue.

RICHARD BURTON.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

JUST as in this country the popular practice and appreciation of music have developed and expanded from the minstrel show to the Sunday popular concert, so on the stage has a similar tendency been exhibited, a similar movement taken place. The lurid "backwoods" drama, the conventional melodrama, the sentimental claptrap of such plays as *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*, and the now somewhat superannuated methods and conventions of the so-called legitimate drama have given way to something more nearly attune to the life, habits, and thought of the time, and therefore infinitely more true to nature, and, it must be confessed, on the whole, infinitely more artistic. In this development of native dramatic art, Mr. Hoyt, and in a less degree Mr. Harrigan, have taken no small part, and for the reason of the widespread and almost unprecedented popularity of their pieces one has not far to look. When a people, after the toils of subduing a new country, and creating, so to speak, a new society, first have the leisure to turn from the consideration of the purely material concerns which have hitherto absorbed them, they begin to look at the personal aspect of life, and after the fashion of youth the personalities which attract them most are their own. All mankind is vain enough to like to look in the glass, and in the plays of Mr. Hoyt and Mr. Harrigan the American people have had, so to speak, for the first time, the opportunity to see themselves, their traits and characteristics, displayed before them, and have, as Mr. Hoyt's bank account will show, enjoyed and appreciated the experience and opportunity vastly.

One is quite ready to believe, as has been said, that Mr. Hoyt himself considers the play *A Temperance Town*, produced for the first time in New York at the Madison Square Theatre last week, his best work. Mr. Hoyt is certainly a very clever man; he had the perception to recognize what the public wanted, and the ability to give it to them, and being thus necessarily in touch with popular taste and opinion, probably realized that as that taste and opinion was constantly developing, to retain the place in their affections he had won he must himself develop with or even ahead of it. Hence one would think that in *A Temperance Town*, which in its way is as truly a "drama of character" and a picture of national life as are *Alabama* and *In Mizzoura*, and from which have been excluded the acrobatic and variety-show methods of the form of farce-comedy which he himself may be said to have originated, Mr. Hoyt should have made a distinct and welcome artistic advance. That *A Temperance Town*, even from its author's stand-point, is a perfect play, or even perhaps as good of its kind as were some of Mr. Hoyt's earlier pieces in their kinds, can hardly be said. As a play, *A Temperance Town* has too much incident and too little plot and action. What plot there is gives us little that is original in idea or situation. The first three acts are decidedly talky and long drawn out, and the whole piece has a conventionally melodramatic flavor which is hardly consistent with what the strongly drawn characters either do or say. At times one feels as if one were listening to a sermon, and again one hardly knows whether Mr. Hoyt is sincere in his intention, or is by turns quizzing himself and his audience. There is, too, a mawkish sentimentality about many of the scenes and incidents which creates a decidedly disagreeable impression.

On the other hand, the piece fairly teems with bright and unexpected quips and turns in the dialogue, and genuinely humorous incidents and situations, while the delineation of character is markedly clear, forcible, and individual, making the character types strikingly natural and true to life. Mr. Hoyt's feeling for and appreciation of both character and caricature are delightful, and remind one not infrequently of Dickens; his development of the humorous possibilities of characters, which one cannot help feeling are national types, is as genuinely humorous as it is artistic and interesting. His faculty also for really telling dialogue is as unusual as it is enjoyable.

A Temperance Town is supposed to represent various aspects of life in a Vermont village where prohibition holds sway, and the various injustices and inconsistencies, prejudice and bigotry, of the upholders of that system, as well as the pleasant vices, the humor and inconsequential good-heartedness of its opponents, are graphically, and, one can hardly but believe, truthfully portrayed. The feeling of doubt and uncertainty as to the author's real intention in writing the piece, noted above, interferes, however, with both the consistency and the effect of the play as a whole. If Mr. Hoyt wished to argue in favor of intemperance, he hardly succeeded in making out his case, as the saloon is referred to throughout the piece with such irritating reiteration and persistency that one wishes that no such place ever existed. While any fair-minded man would hardly sympathize with the temperance crowd as depicted by Mr. Hoyt, one is equally unable to sympathize with his rum drinkers and sellers, who, while more amusing than their opponents and persecutors, are clearly as far from the right as are their opponents. For all, however, that *A Temperance Town* lacks, to a certain extent, homogeneousness and consistency in conception and development, it is a clever and ingenious piece of dramatic work, which will doubtless amuse, and which is well worth seeing. It is perhaps because New York is a little further away from its scenes of action than is Boston that the piece does not come home to us as forcibly as, from all accounts, it did to the dwellers in the "Hub." One can hardly feel that it will enjoy the same remarkable lease of popular life as did its immediate predecessor, *A Trip to Chinatown*; yet it is a play for which Mr. Hoyt is to be commended for his evident artistic purpose in writing, and one which gives ample promise of what he can and will do in the future in the way of legitimate dramatic work.

A Temperance Town is well staged, and, on the whole, sufficiently well acted, the men of the cast being decidedly better than the women. As the village drunkard, always jolly and never sober, Mr. George Richards was consistent, natural, and dryly humorous in a part which in less skilful hands might have been coarse and obtrusive. Hardly less good was Mr. Canfield as his son, with leanings towards respectability, funny and quaintly original. Mr. Dillon, too, made the most of his opportunities as a rabid prohibitionist clergyman, his success being in inverse proportion to these opportunities. Miss Meskel, the heroine, is certainly beautiful in an impassive pink-and-white fashion, but the roll of her R's excites combative feelings in regard to her ability as an actress. Mr. Ober as the oldest inhabitant, a nonagenarian low comedy part, was somewhat objectionably senile—the vagaries of extreme old age are surely a fit subject for tears rather than laughter—but still undeniably clever. Other smaller bits of character both in the "Temperance" and "Rum" crowds were well handled, and the entire performance moved briskly and smoothly.

In musical circles the calm and absence of event has thus far been unbroken and absolute. As to the coming season, the New York Symphony, Philharmonic, and Oratorio societies and the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give series of concerts much as usual. In the way of solo artists, De Pachman, Marteau, and probably others, though not, alas! Paderewski, will be with us again. But the principal interest should, and probably will, be centred in Mr. Abbey's operatic season, of which the promise, in view of the exceptional number of great artists who are engaged, is of exceeding brilliancy. It is to be hoped that the opening of the season will not, owing to the non-completion of the remodelled Metropolitan Opera-house, be delayed until January, though this is unfortunately by no means improbable. In the way of lighter music, the season in comic opera was opened this week by the first production in New York of *The Rain-Maker of Syria*, an opera bouffe from the pens of Messrs. Sydney Rosenfeld and Rudolph Aronson, to which occasion will be taken to refer later. A piece of similar type, entitled *Venus*, written and composed respectively by Messrs. C. A. Byrne and Gustav Kerker, seems to have met with decided success in Boston on its production there recently. In the way of more legitimate effort in the field of genuine light opera, however, but little is promised. Abroad, too, there is but little promise in the way of operatic novelties. Mascagni's latest effort, *I Rantzau*, made a complete failure in London this season, having been performed but once. Of recent operatic works by modern composers, an opera, *Manon*, by Puccini, a young Italian composer of the modern type, has been the most successful, and seems to offer the most promise in the way of future development. One hopes that Mr. Abbey will afford us an opportunity of hearing this work.

The idea of a prolonged dramatic entertainment as exemplified in this city at the present time by the performances given at Proctor's Theatre, and at the successfully reopened Union Square Theatre, is by no means a novel one. More than twenty-five years ago dramatic performances of various kinds which lasted practically all day were given at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, near London, while the London Aquarium, intended to be a metropolitan imitation of the above, has given practically continuous dramatic performances at popular prices for years. The success attending the first trial of the idea made in this country at Proctor's Theatre seemed to warrant the reopening of the Union Square Theatre on a similar plan, which was successfully accomplished last week. While one is inclined to doubt the benefit accruing to dramatic art as a whole from such places of amusement, one can easily understand how they should be attractive to country and suburban visitors to town with spare time on their hands during the day, our museums and art galleries being limited in number and comparatively inaccessible. The performance given at the Union Square Theatre is of the usual kind, and is probably quite as well worth the price of admission as the others of its class.

Miss Harriet Vernon, a "Queen of Beauty" of the London music halls, made her first appearance at the new Koster & Bial's last week. She is certainly a beautiful and graceful young woman, not undeserving the title which has been bestowed upon her, and sings and, be it especially remarked, enunciates well enough to do something better in the way of music than she does. Her costumes are all bewildering and picturesque. Her songs are simply atrocious. There is certainly a very strenuous effort being made just now to thoroughly acclimatize the London music hall in New York, and while the tendency to greater respectability and decorum evidenced by the present management of the Manhattan Opera-house is a hopeful sign, one hardly knows whether to wish that the attempt may be successful or the reverse. That success one hardly feels that Miss Harriet Vernon and others of her class will do much to assist.

The next important event in the dramatic season will be the first production by the Kendals at Fifth Avenue Theatre, October 9th, of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, by all odds the most subtle and artistic English play written in our times. A good deal of comment was made when the fact was announced that Mrs. Kendal, who has hitherto made the fact of her being not only the representative but almost the incarnation of morality and good behavior on the stage her stock in trade, would play the part of the heroine, who, though perhaps more sinned against than sinning, is anything but representative of Mrs. Kendal's hitherto carefully maintained attitude. Reports, however, from England say that on her first appearance in the character recently in the provinces Mrs. Kendal made a most emphatic and legitimate success, and American play-goers may therefore look forward to seeing a thoroughly good presentation of a play which may, one would think, be relied upon to give them the strongest dramatic sensation that they have had in some years.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

IN PACE.

SUMMER is dead. Come sew her shroud,
Nor choose it of hue all ashen,
Nor dun and cold as a rainy cloud,
Nor murk as the soul of passion.

Take thou instead June's rosiest red,
The yellow of August shining,
Laced through and through with the tender blue
Of heaven at the day's declining.

MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

THE CASTLE GARDEN AQUARIUM.

IT is expected that by the time the snow falls the conversion of Castle Garden into an aquarium will have been accomplished, and thereafter the roof that rang with Jenny Lind's voice, and shook with the booming of the guns that welcomed Lafayette as he walked up the carpeted way into the old fortress, will hear no sound more interesting than the grunt of the sea-lion or the admiring exclamations of rural visitors. It is a remarkable transformation, but one in keeping with the change that has made the land on which squatters pitched their shanties a residence quarter for the fashionables whose ancestors thronged the antiquated fortification to applaud Grisi and Alboni, and has metamorphosed into an elevated railway "yard" the park that was one of the show-places of the town when Monroe was President.

The task of remodelling the old fortress for use as an aquarium was intrusted by the Board of Public Parks to Mr. H. T. Woodman, a specialist in such lines of work, and to J. F. Munckwitz, Jun., the architect. They have found the appropriation of $150,000 made by the Legislature for the purpose none too large, but the money has been satisfactorily spent, for it has transformed the dilapidated structure into an aquarium that will surpass all others in the world in size and attractiveness, and in the superior excellence of the marine menagerie to be exhibited there. Probably nowhere else are fish and sea animals in confinement housed so attractively or with so much regard for their physical comfort as those will be that are to disport in the tanks and pools Mr. Woodman has constructed for their habitation in Castle Garden Aquarium. They will bump their noses against costly plate glass so transparent that fine print can be read through twenty sheets of it laid together, and they will swim about over glistening porcelain tiles in water from which all impurities have been removed by filtering, and which will be in constant process of renewal from the big pump in the engine-room. Their quarters will be roomy, and even the whale, who might be expected to be somewhat cramped, will have in the central pool a playground more than forty feet in diameter, and deep enough to drown a tall man untaught to swim.

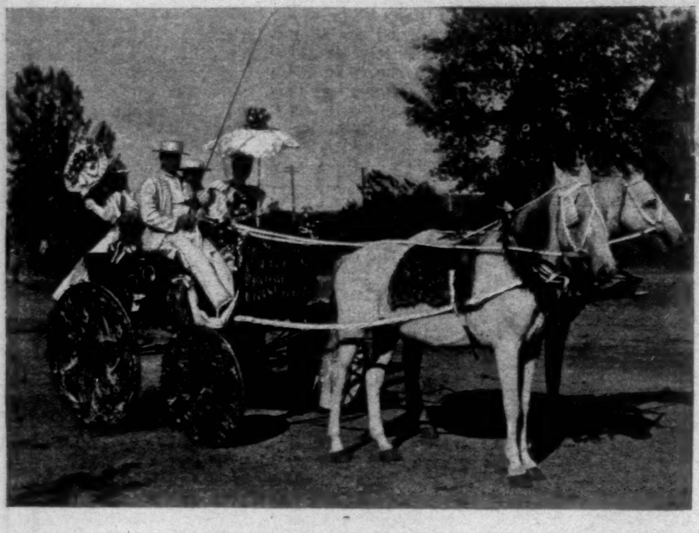
A great deal of taste and a nice appreciation of the limitations of the space at command have been shown in providing suitable accommodations for the various members of the marine colony. Around the big central pool, in which the whale will have a dolphin or two for company, and partly depressed like it in the floor, are grouped six smaller pools, elliptical in form and about sixteen feet by twelve in size, which will be tenanted by seals, sharks, porpoises, sword-fish, alligators, and turtles. Each of these pools will be lined with white tiles and covered with white sand on the bottom to aid the eye of the spectator, while the rays from the skylights in the roof will be so conveyed on the pools as to make even minute objects in them visible from the gallery.

The thirty-six tanks in which the smaller fish are to be housed have been built in unbroken line along the circular walls of the old fortress. Each of these tanks is 4 by 8 by 10 feet in dimensions, and they look now in their incomplete state like rude stalls of unadorned brick; but when the finishing touches have been put on them they will be a sight to please the most critical eye. Each tank, lined with white tiles, faced with plate glass, and filled with moving fish, will be incased with an ornamental iron frame, so that to the visitor entering the aquarium its walls will appear at first view to be hung with a fine display of marine paintings. In effecting this result the designers have accomplished a unique artistic triumph. Some of the tanks will contain fresh-water fish, for which carefully filtered Croton will be provided, and with them Mr. Woodman expects to make profitable experiments in pisciculture. But perhaps the most interesting experiment he is likely to undertake will be that of restoring sight to the blind fish, of which several varieties, procured in caverns and subterranean streams, are to be exhibited in one of the tanks along the gallery above the main floor. In these gallery tanks, of which there will be about eighty, the "small deer" of the marine kingdom—clams, oysters, and mollusks of all kinds, crustaceans, corals, etc.—will be seen in extensive display.

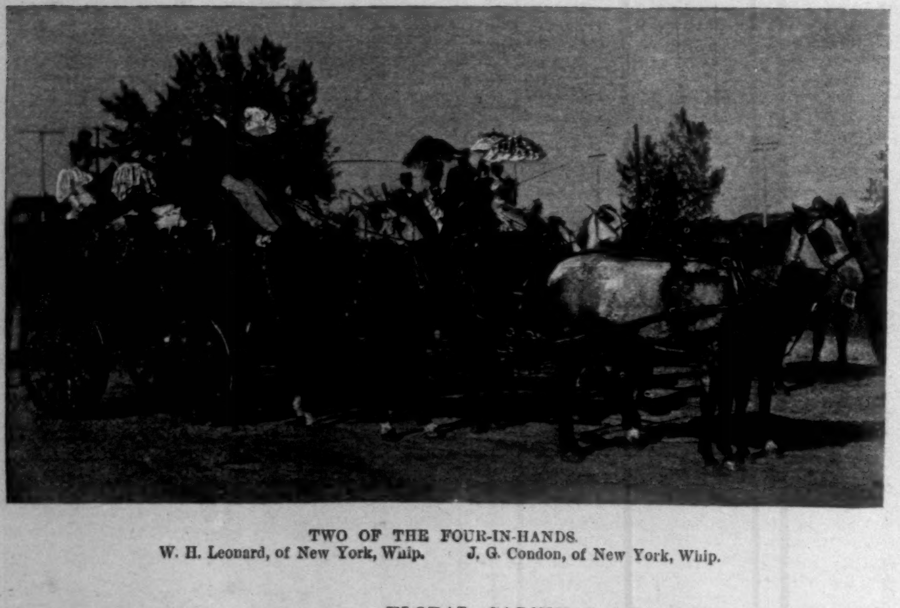
Altogether there will be 125 separate compartments in the entire aquarium, containing specimens of marine life ranging from minute oyster-crabs to a whale. It will be a long time, perhaps several years, before they can all be procured; but Mr. Woodman hopes that by the time the aquarium is formally opened the tanks will be well enough stocked to make them worth inspection. Certainly a visit will be a revelation to any one who has not entered the old fortress since the days when it was an untidy depot for newly arrived immigrants. Apart from the sea curiosities on exhibition, there will be much to interest the spectator in the lofty interior, the new café, the neat lecture-room communicating with the gallery on the east, and the steam plant and elaborate filtering machinery on the side toward the river, while the small boy will find that the Central Park "zoo" is tame in comparison with the sights to be seen in the tanks.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—LAKE SHORE, LOOKING NORTH.—Drawn by Charles Graham.
Foreign Buildings, Iowa State Building, and the unfinished Spectatorium.

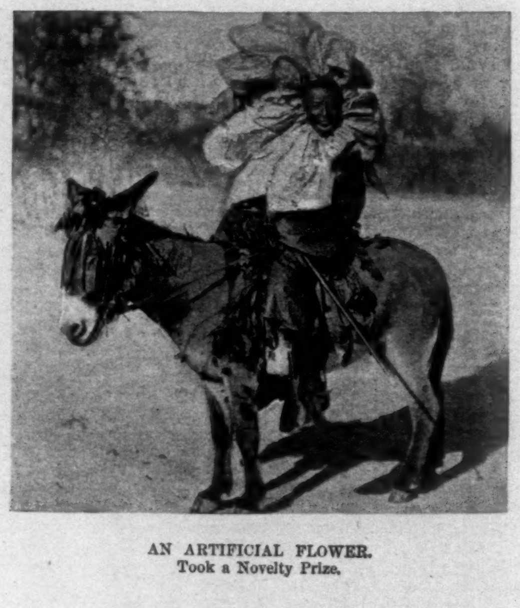
THE HAY WAGON.
A Merry Party.



FIRST PRIZE—HELIOTROPE AND WHITE DECORATION.
T. C. Parrish, Whip.

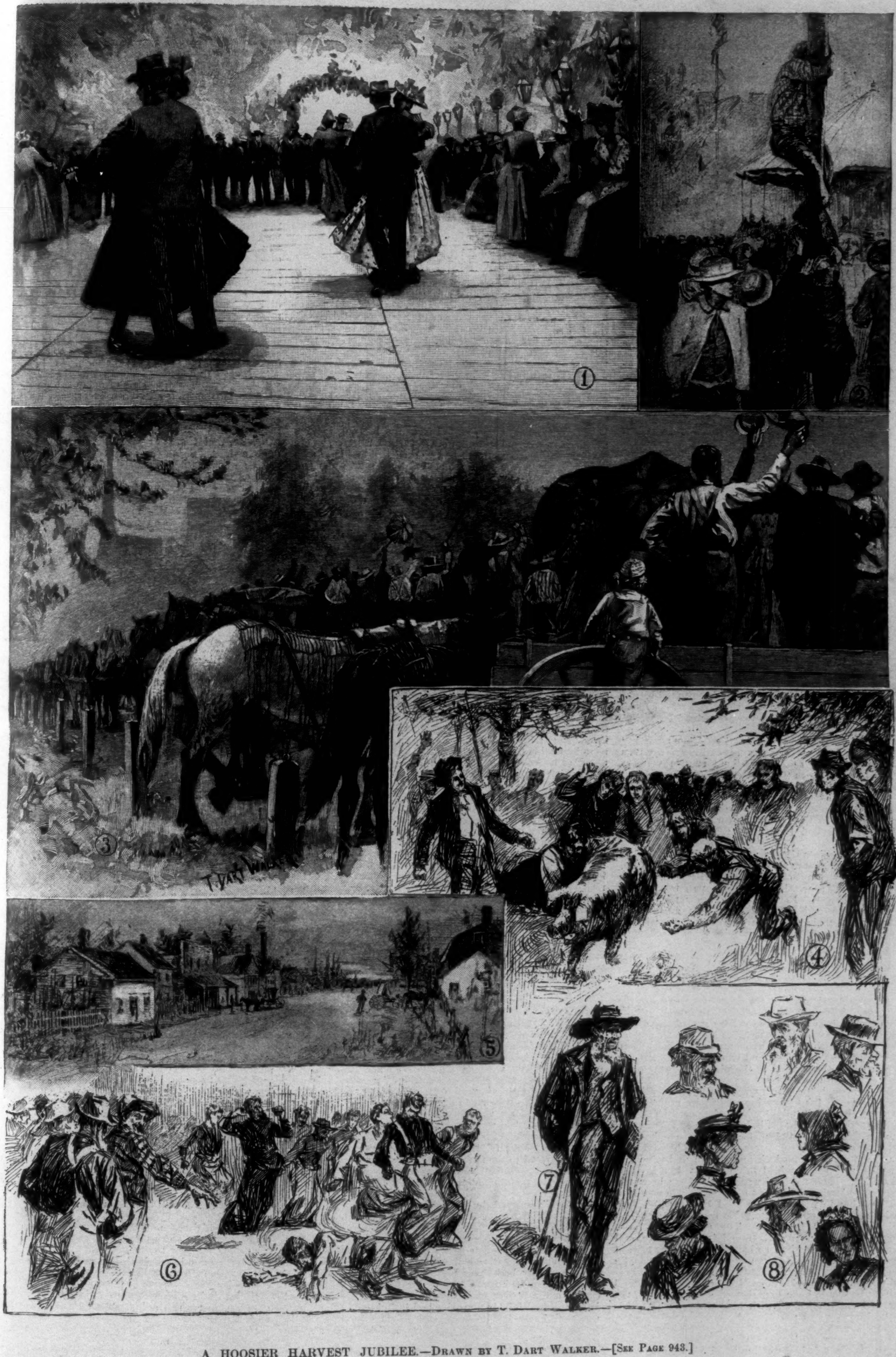


TWO OF THE FOUR-IN-HANDS.
W. H. Leonard, of New York, Whip. J. G. Condon, of New York, Whip.



AN ARTIFICIAL FLOWER.
Took a Novelty Prize.

FLORAL CARNIVAL AT COLORADO SPRINGS.—[See Page 930.]



A HOOSIER HARVEST JUBILEE.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 943.]

1. A Bowery Dance—Under the Leaves. 2. Climbing the greasy Pole. 3. Around the Public Square—Viewing the Races from a Grand Stand of Wagon Boxes. 4. Catching a Pig which has been shaved and covered with Soap, Grease, or Lard. 5. A typical Hoosier Village. 6. A Sack Race. 7. The Orator of the Day. 8. Some Jubilee Types.

THE MOONSHINERS AT HOHO-HEBEE FALLS.

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

PART II.

THE ordering of events is an intricate process, and to its successful exploitation a certain degree of sagacious prescience is a prerequisite, as well as a thorough mastery of the lessons of experience. For a day or so all went well in the inner consciousness of Nehemiah Yerby. The letter had satisfied his restless craving for some action toward the consummation of his ambition, and he had not the foresight to realize how soon the necessity of following it up would supervene. He first grew uneasy lest his letter had not reached its destination; then, when the illimitable field of speculation was thus opened out, he developed an ingenuity of imagination in projecting possible disaster. Day after day passed, and he heard naught of his cherished scheme. The revenuers—craven wretches! he ground his teeth with rage because of their laggard cowardice in their duty, since their duty could serve his interests—might not have felt exactly disposed to risk their lives in these sweet spring days, when perhaps even a man whose life belongs to the government might be presumed to take some pleasure in it, by attempting to raid the den of a gang of moonshiners on the scanty faith of an informer's word, tenuous guaranty at best, and now couched in an anonymous letter, itself synonyme for a lie. Oh, what fine eulogies rose in his mind upon the manly virtue of courage! How enthusing it is at all times to contemplate the courage of others!—and how safe!

Then a revulsion of belief ensued, and he began to fear that they might already have descended upon their quarry, and with all their captives have returned to the county town by the road by which they came—nearer than the route through the cross-roads, though far more rugged. Why had not this possibility before occurred to him! He had so often prefigured their triumphant advent into the hamlet with all their guarded and shackled prisoners, the callow Leander in their midst, and his own gracefully enacted rôle of virtuous, grief-stricken, pleading relative, that it seemed a recollection—something that had really happened—rather than the figment of anticipation. But no word, no breath of intimation, had ruffled the serenity of the cross roads. The calm, still, yellow sunshine day by day suffused the land like the benignities of a dream—almost too good to be true. Every man with the heart of a farmer within him was at the plough-handles, and making the most of the fair weather; the cloudless sky and the auspicious forecast of fine days still to come did more to prove to the farmer the existence of an all-wise, overruling Providence than all the polemics of the world might accomplish. The furrows multiplied everywhere save in Nehemiah's own fields, where he often stood so long in the turn-row that the old horse would desist from twisting his head backward in surprise, and start at last of his own motion, dragging the plough, the share still unanchored in the ground, half across the field before he could be stopped. The vagaries of these "lands" that the absent-minded Nehemiah laid off attracted some attention.

"What ails yer furrows ter run so crooked, Nehemiah?" observed a passer-by, a neighbor who had been to the blacksmith shop to get his plough-point sharpened; he looked over the fence critically. "Yer eyesight mus' be failin' some."

"I dun'no'," rejoined Nehemiah, hastily. Then reverting to his own absorption. "War it you-uns ez I hearn say thar war word kem ter the cross-roads 'bout some revenuers raidin' 'round somewhar in the woods?"

The look of surprise cast upon him seemed to his alert anxiety to betoken suspicion. "Laws-a-massy, naw!" exclaimed his interlocutor. "Ye air the fust one that hev named sech ez that in these diggin's, fur I'd hev hearn tell on it, sure, ef thar hed been enny sech word goin' the rounds."

Nehemiah recoiled into silence, and presently his neighbor went whistling on his way. He stood motionless for a time, until the man was well out of sight, then he began to hastily unhitch the plough-gear. His resolution was taken. He could wait no longer. For aught he knew the raiders might have come and gone, and be now a hundred miles away with their prisoners to stand their trial in the Federal court. His schemes might have all gone amiss, leaving him in naught the gainer. He could rest in uncertainty no more. He feared to venture further questions when no rumor stirred the air. They rendered him doubly liable to suspicion—to the law-abiding as a possible moonshiner; to any sympathizer with the distillers as a probable informer. He determined to visit the spot and there judge how the enterprise had fared.

When next he heard that fine sylvan symphony of the sound of the falling water—the tinkling bell-like tremors of its lighter tones mingling with the sonorous, continuous, deeper theme rising from its weight and volume and movement; with the surging of the wind in the pines; with the occasional cry of a wild bird deep in the new verdure of the forests striking through the whole with a brilliant, incidental, detached effect—no faint vibration was in its midst of the violin's string, listen as he might. More than once he sought to assure himself that he heard it, but his fancy failed to respond to his bidding, although again and again he took up his position where it had before struck his ear. The wild minstrelsy of the woods felt no lack, and stream and wind and harping pine and vagrant bird lifted their voices in their wonted strains. He could hardly accept the fact; he would verify anew the landmarks he had made and again return to the spot, his hat in his hand, his head bent low, his face lined with anxiety and suspense. No sound, no word, no intimation of human presence. The moonshiners were doubtless all gone long ago, betrayed into captivity, and Leander with them. He had so hardened his heart toward his recalcitrant young kinsman and his Sudley friends, he felt so entirely that in being among the moonshiners Leander had met only his deserts in coming to the bar of Federal justice, that he would have experienced scant sorrow if the nephew had not carried off with his own personality his uncle's bookkeeper and postmaster's clerk. And so—alas, for Leander! As he meditated on the untoward manner in which he had overshot his target, this marksman of fate forgot the caution which had distinguished his approach, for it had been as heedful as if he fully believed the lion still in his den. He slowly patrolled the bank below the broad thin crystal sheet, seeing naught but its rainbow hovering elusively in the sun, and its green and white skeinlike draperies pendulous before the great dark arch over which the cataract fell. The log caught amongst the rocks in the spray at the base was still there, seeming always to rise while the restless water seemed motionless.

No trace that human beings had ever invaded these solitudes could he discover. No vague, faint intimation of the well-hidden lair of the moonshiners did the wild covert show forth. "The revenuers war smarter'n me; I'll say that fur 'em," he muttered at last as he came to a standstill, his chin in his hand, his perplexed eyes on the ground. And suddenly—a footprint on a marshy spot; only the heel of a boot, for the rocky ledges hid all the ground but this, a mere sediment of sand in a tiny hollow in the rock from which the water had evaporated. It was a key to the mystery. Instantly the rugged edges of the cliff took on the similitude of a path. Once furnished with this idea, he could perceive adequate footing all adown the precipitous way. He was not young; his habits had been inactive, and were older even than his age. He could not account for it afterward, but he followed for a few paces this suggestion of a path down the precipitous sides of the stream. He had a sort of triumph in finding it so practicable, and he essayed it still further, although the sound of the water had grown tumultuous at closer approach, and seemed to foster a sort of responsive turmoil of the senses; he felt his head whirl as he looked down at the long swirls of the current at the base of the fall as they swept on their way down the gorge, and at the bounding, frothing spray. As he sought to lift his fascinated eyes, the smooth glitter of the crystal sheet of falling water so close before him dazzled his sight. He wondered afterward how his confused senses and trembling limbs sustained him down the narrow rugged path, here and there covered with oozing green moss, and slippery with the continual moisture. It evidently was wending to a ledge. All at once the contour of the place was plain to him; the ledge led behind the cataract that fell from the beetling heights above. And within were doubtless further recesses, where perchance the moonshiners had worked their still. As he reached the ledge he could see behind the falling water and into the great concave space which it screened beneath the beetling cliff. It was as he had expected—an arched portal of jagged brown rocks, all dripping with moisture and oozing moss, behind the semitranslucent green and white drapery of the cascade.

But he had not expected to see, standing quietly in the great vaulted entrance, a man with his left hand on the but of a pistol in his belt, the mate of which his more formidable right hand held up with a steady finger on the trigger.

This much Nehemiah beheld, and naught else, for the glittering profile of the falls, visible now only aslant, the dark cool recess beyond, that menacing motionless figure at the vanishing point of the perspective, all blended together in an indistinguishable whirl as his senses reeled. He barely retained consciousness enough to throw up both his hands in token of complete submission. And then for a moment he knew no more. He was still leaning motionless against the wall of rock when he became aware that the man was sternly beckoning to him to continue his approach. His dumb lips moved mechanically in response, but any sound must needs have been futile indeed in the pervasive roar of the waters. He felt that he had hardly strength for another step along the precipitous way, but there is much tonic influence in a beckoning revolver, and few men are so weak as to be unable to obey its behests. Poor Nehemiah tottered along as behooved him, leaving all the world, liberty, volition, behind him as the descending sheet of water fell between him and the rest of life and shut him off.

"That's it, my leetle man! I thought you could make it!" were the first words he could distinguish as he joined the mountaineer beneath the crag.

Nehemiah Yerby had never before seen this man. That in itself was alarming, since in the scanty population of the region few of its denizens are unknown to each other, at least by sight. The tone of satire, the gleam of enjoyment in his keen blue eye, were not reassuring to the object of his ridicule. He was tall and somewhat portly, bluff and off-hand of manner, which, however, seemed not so much to assure you of his good-will toward you as his abounding good-humor with himself. He was a man of most arbitrary temper, one could readily judge, not only from his own aspect and manner, but from the docile, reliant, approving cast of countenance of his reserve force—a half-dozen men, who were somewhat in the background, lounging on the rocks about a huge copper still. They wore an attentive aspect, but offered to take no active part in the scene enacted before them. One of them—even at this crucial moment Yerby noticed it with a pang of regretful despair—held noiseless on his knee a violin, and more than once addressed himself seriously to rubbing resin over the strings of the bow. There was scant music in his face—a square physiognomy, with thick features, and a shock of hay-colored hair, striped somehow with an effect of darker shades like a weathering stack. He handled the bow with a blunt, clumsy hand that augured little of delicate skill, and he seemed from his diligence to think that resin is what makes a fiddle play. He was evidently one of those unhappy creatures furnished with some vague inner attraction to the charms of music, with no gift, no sentiment, no discrimination. Something faintly sonorous there was in his soul, and it vibrated to the twanging of the strings. He was far less alert to the conversation than the others, whose listening attitudes attested their appreciation of the importance of the moment.

"Waal," observed the moonshiner, impatiently, eying the tremulous and tongue-tied Yerby, "hev ye fund what ye war a-huntin' fur?"

So tenacious of impressions was Nehemiah that it was the violin in those alien hands which still focussed his attention as he stared gaspingly about. Leander was not here; probably had never been here; and the twanging of those strings had lured him to his fate. Well might he contemn the festive malevolence of the violin's influence! His letter had failed; no raider had intimidated these bluff, unafraid, burly law-breakers, and he had put his life in jeopardy in his persistent prosecution of his scheme. He gasped again at the thought.

"*Waal,*" said the mountaineer, evidently a man of short patience, and with a definite air of spurring on the visitor's account of himself, "we 'ain't been lookin' fur any spy lately, but I'm 'lowin' ez we hev fund him."

His fear thus put into words so served to realize to Yerby his immediate danger that it stood him in the stead of courage, of brains, of invention; his flaccid muscles were suddenly again under control; he wreathed his features with his smug artificial smile, that was like a grimace in its best estate, and now hardly seemed more than a contortion. But beauty in any sense was not what the observer was prepared to expect in Nehemiah, and the moonshiner seemed to accept the smile at its face value, and to respect its intention.

"Spies don't kem climbin' down that thar path o' yourn in full view through the water"—for the landscape was as visible through the thin falling sheet as if it had been the slightly corrugated glass of a window—"do they?" Yerby asked, with a jocose intonation. "That thar shootin'-iron o' yourn liked ter hev skeered me ter death whenst I fust seen it."

The man pondered on this answer for a moment. He had an adviser among his corps whose opinion he evidently valued; he exchanged a quick glance with one of the men who was but dimly visible in the shadows beyond the still, where there seemed to be a series of troughs leading a rill of running water down from some further spring through the tub in which the spiral worm was coiled. He had a keen, white, lean face, with an ascetic, abstemious expression, and he looked less like a distiller than some sort of divine—some rustic pietist, with strange theories and unhappy speculations and unsettled mind. It was a face of subtle influences, and the very sight of it roused in Nehemiah a more heedful fear than the "shootin'-iron" in the bluff moonshiner's hand had induced. He was silent, while the other resumed the office of spokesman.

"Ye ain't 'quainted hyar,"—he waved his hand with the pistol in it around at the circle of uncowering men, although the mere movement made Nehemiah cringe with the thought that an accidental discharge might as effectually settle his case as premeditated and deliberate murder. "Ye dun'no' none o' us. What air ye a-doin' hyar?"

"Why, that thar war the very trouble," Yerby hastily explained. "*I didn't know none o' ye!* I hed hearn ez thar war a still somewhars on Hide-an'-Seek Creek"—once more there ensued a swift exchange of glances amongst the party—"but nobody knew who run it nor whar 'twar. An' one day, consider'ble time ago, I war a-passin' nigh 'bouts an' I hearn that fiddle, an' that revealed the spot ter me. An' I kem ter-day 'lowin' ye an' me could strike a trade."

Once more the bluff man of force turned an anxious look of inquiry to the pale, thoughtful face in the brown and dark green shadows beyond the copper gleam of the still. If public policy had required that Nehemiah should be despatched, his was the hand to do the deed, and his the stomach to support his conscience afterward. But his brains revolted from the discriminating analysis of Nehemiah's discourse and a decision on its merits.

"Trade fur what?" he demanded at last, on his own responsibility, for no aid had radiated from the face which his looks had interrogated.

"Fur whiskey, o' course." Nehemiah made the final plunge boldly. "I be goin' ter open a store at the cross-roads, an' I 'lowed I could git cheaper whiskey untaxed than taxed. I 'lowed ye wouldn't make it ef ye didn't expec' ter sell it. I didn't know none o' you-uns, an' none o' yer customers. An' ez I expec' ter git mo' profit on sellin' whiskey 'n ennything else in the store, I jes took foot in hand an' kem ter see 'boutn it mysef. I never 'lowed, though, ez it mought look cur'ous ter you-uns, or like a spy, ter kem ez bold ez brass down the path in full sight."

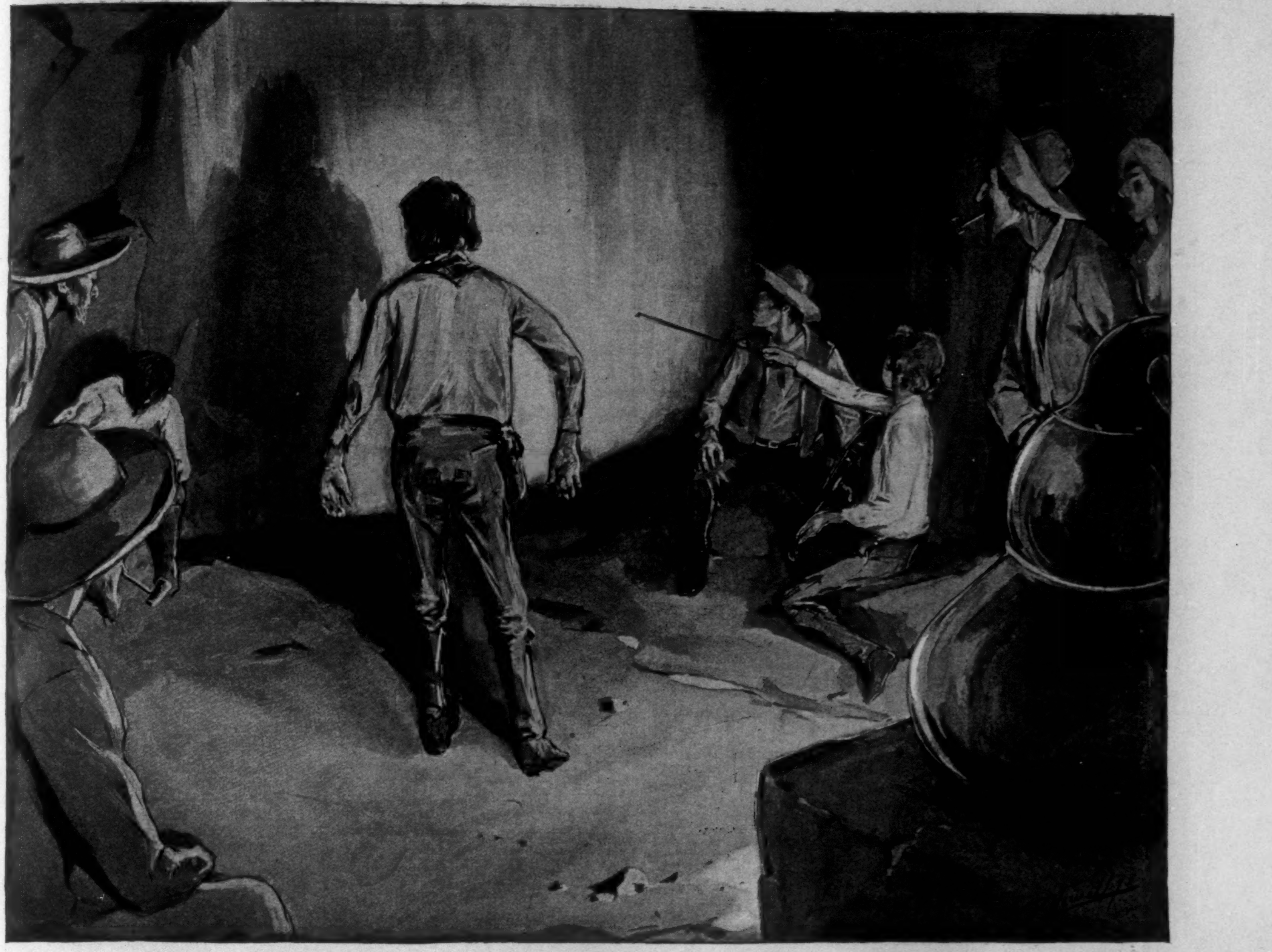
The logic of the seeming security of his approach, and the apparent value of his scheme, had their full weight. He saw credulity gradually overpowering doubt and distrust, and his heart grew light with relief. Even their cautious demur, intimating a reserve of opinion, that they would think about it, did not daunt him now. He believed, in the simplicity of his faith in his own craft, now once more in the ascendant, that if they accepted his proposition he would be free to go without further complication of his relations with wild-cat whiskey. He could not sufficiently applaud his wits for the happy termination of the adventure to which they had led him. He had gone no further in the matter than he had always intended. Brush whiskey was the commodity that addressed itself most to his sense of speculation. For this he had always expected to ferret out some way of safely negotiating. He had gone no further than he should have done, at all events, a little later. He even began mentally to "figger on the price" down to which he should be able to bring the distillers as he accepted a proffered seat in the circle about the still. He could neither divide nor subtract nor multiply by fractions, and it is not too much to say that he might have been throttled on the spot if the moonshiners could have had a mental vision of the liberties the stalwart integers were taking with their price-current, so to speak, and the preternatural discount that was making so free with their profits. So absorbed in this pleasing intellectual exercise was Nehemiah that he did not observe that any one had left the coterie, but when a stir without on the rocks intimated an approach he was suddenly ill at ease, and this discomfort increased when the new-comer proved to be a man who knew him.

"Waal, Nehemiah Yarby!" he exclaimed, shaking his friend's hand, "I never knowed you-uns ter be consarned in sech ez moonshinin'. I hev been a-neighborin' Isham hyar," he laid his heavy hand on the tall moonshiner's shoulder, "fur ten year an' better, but I won't hev nuthin' ter do with bresh whiskey or aidin' or abettin' in illicit 'stillin'. I like Isham, an' Isham he likes me, an' we hev jes agreed ter disagree."

Nehemiah dared not protest nor seek to explain. He could invent no story that would not give the lie direct to his representations to the moonshiners. He felt that their eyes were upon him. He could only hope that his silence did not seem to them like denial—was not tantamount to confession in the esteem of his upbraider.

"Yes, sir," his interlocutor continued, "it's a mighty bad government ter run agin." Then he turned to the moonshiner, evidently taking up the business that had brought him here. "Lemme see what sorter brand ye hev registered fur yer cattle, Isham."

Yerby's heart sank when the suspicion percolated through his brain that this man had been induced to come here for the purpose of recognizing him. More fixed in this opinion was he when no description of the brand of the cattle could be found, and the visitor finally went away, his errand bootless.



"'LOOK OUT! SOMEBODY'S THAR!'"

From time to time during the afternoon other men went out and returned with recruits on various pretexts, but all of which Nehemiah believed masked the marshalling of witnesses to incriminate him as one of themselves, in order to better secure his constancy to the common interests, and in case he was playing false to put others into possession of the facts as to the identity of the informer. His liability to the law for aiding and abetting in moonshining was very complete before the day darkened, and his jeopardy as to the information he had given made him shake in his shoes.

For at any moment, he reflected, in despair, the laggard raiders might swoop down upon them, and the choice of rôles offered to him was to seem to them a moonshiner, or to the moonshiners an informer. The first was far the safer, for the clutches of the law were indeed feeble as contrasted with the popular fury that would pursue him unwearied for years until its vengeance was accomplished. From the one, escape was to the last degree improbable; from the other, impossible.

Any pretext to seek to quit the place before the definite arrangements of his negotiation were consummated seemed even to him, despite his eagerness to be off, too tenuous, too transparent, to be essayed, although he devised several as he sat meditative and silent amongst the group about the still. The prospect grew less and less inviting as the lingering day waned, and the evening shadows, dank and chill, perceptibly approached. The brown and green recesses of the grotto were at once murkier, and yet more distinctly visible, for the glow of the fire, flickering through the crevices of the metal door of the furnace, had begun to assert its luminous quality, which was hardly perceptible in the full light of day, and brought out the depth of the shadows. The figures and faces of the moonshiners showed against the deepening gloom. The sunset clouds were still red without; a vague roseate suffusion was visible through the falling water. The sun itself was not yet sunk, for an oblique and almost level ray, piercing the cataract, painted a series of faint prismatic tints on one side of the rugged arch. But while the outer world was still in touch with the clear-eyed day, night was presently here, with mystery and doubt and dark presage. The voice of Hoho-hebee Falls seemed to him louder, full of strange, uncomprehended meanings, and insistent iteration. Vague echoes were elicited. Sometimes in a seeming pause he could catch their lisping sibilant tones repeating, repeating—what? He knew no more than they. As the darkness encroached yet more heavily upon the cataract, the sense of its unseen motion so close at hand oppressed his very soul; it gave an idea of the swift gathering of shifting invisible multitudes, coming and going—who could say whence or whither? So did this impression master his nerves that he was glad indeed when the furnace door was opened for fuel, and he could see only the inanimate, ever-descending sheet of water—the reverse interior aspect of Hoho-hebee Falls—all suffused with the uncanny tawny light, but showing white and green tints like its diurnal outer aspect, instead of the colorless outlines, resembling a drawing of a cataract, which the cave knew by day. He did not pause to wonder whether the sudden transient illumination was visible without, or how it might mystify the untutored denizens of the woods, bear, or deer, or wolf, perceiving it aglow in the midst of the waters like a great topaz, and anon lost in the gloom. He pined to see it; the momentary cessation of darkness, of the effect of the sounds, so strange in the obscurity, and of the chill pervasive mystery of the invisible, was so grateful that its influence was tonic to his nerves, and he came to watch for its occasion and to welcome it. He did not grudge it even when it gave the opportunity for a close, unfriendly, calculating scrutiny of his face by the latest comer to the still. This was the neighboring miller, also liable to the revenue laws, the distillers being valued patrons of the mill, and since he ground the corn for the mash he thereby aided and abetted in the illicit manufacture of the whiskey. His life was more out in the world than that of his underground *confrères*, and perhaps, as he had a thriving legitimate business, and did not live by brush whiskey, he had more to lose by detection than they, and deprecated even more any unnecessary risk. He evidently took great umbrage at the introduction of Nehemiah amongst them.

"Oh yes," he observed, in response to the cordial greeting which he met; "an' I'm glad ter see ye too. I'm powerful glad ter kem ter the still enny time. It's ekal ter goin' ter the settlemint, or plumb ter town on a County Court day. Ye see *everybody*, an' hear *all* the news, an' meet up with *interestin' strangers*. I tell ye, now, the mill's plumb lonesome compared ter the still, an' the mill's always hed the name of a place whar a heap o' cronies gathered ter swap lies, an' sech."

The irony of this description of the social delights and hospitable accessibilities of a place esteemed the very stronghold of secrecy itself, the liberty of every man in it jeopardized by the slightest lapse of vigilance or judgment, was very readily to be appreciated by the group, who were invited by this fair show of words to look down the vista of the future to possible years of captivity in the jails of far-away States as Federal prisoners. They gazed heavily and anxiously from one to another as the visitor sank down on the rocks in a relaxed attitude, his elbow on a higher ledge behind him, supporting his head on his hand; his other hand was on his lip, his arm stiffly akimbo, while he looked with an expression of lowering exasperation at Yerby. It was impossible to distinguish the color of his garb, so beflowered was he from head to foot; but his long boots drawn over his trousers to the knee, and his great Mexican spurs, and a brace of pistols in his belt, seemed incongruous accessories to the habiliments of a miller. His large dark hat was thrust far back on his head; his hair, rising straight in a sort of elastic wave from his brow, was powdered white; his florid color and his dark eyes were accented by the contrast; his pointed beard revealed its natural tints because of his habit of frequently brushing his hand over it, and showed itself distinctly red. He was lithe and lean and nervous, and had the impatient temper characteristic of mercurial natures. It mattered not to him what was the coercion of the circumstances which had led to the reception of the stranger here, nor what was the will of the majority; he disapproved of the step; he feared it; he esteemed it a grievance done him in his absence; and he could not conceal his feelings nor wait a more fitting time to express them in private. His irritation and objection evidently caused some solicitude amongst them. He was important to them, and they deprecated his displeasure. Isham Beaton listened to the half-covert sneers of his words with perturbation plainly depicted on his face, and the man whom Nehemiah had at first noticed as one whose character seemed that of adviser, and whose opinion was valued, now spoke for the first time. He handed over a broken-nosed pitcher with the remark, "Try the flavor of this hyar peach brandy, Alfred; 'pears like ter me the bes' we-uns hev ever hed."

His voice was singularly smooth; it had all the qualities of culture; every syllable, every lapse of his rude dialect, was as distinct as if he had been taught to speak in this way; his tones were low and even, and modulated to suave cadences; the ear experienced a sense of relief after the loud strident voice of the miller, poignantly penetrating and pitched high.

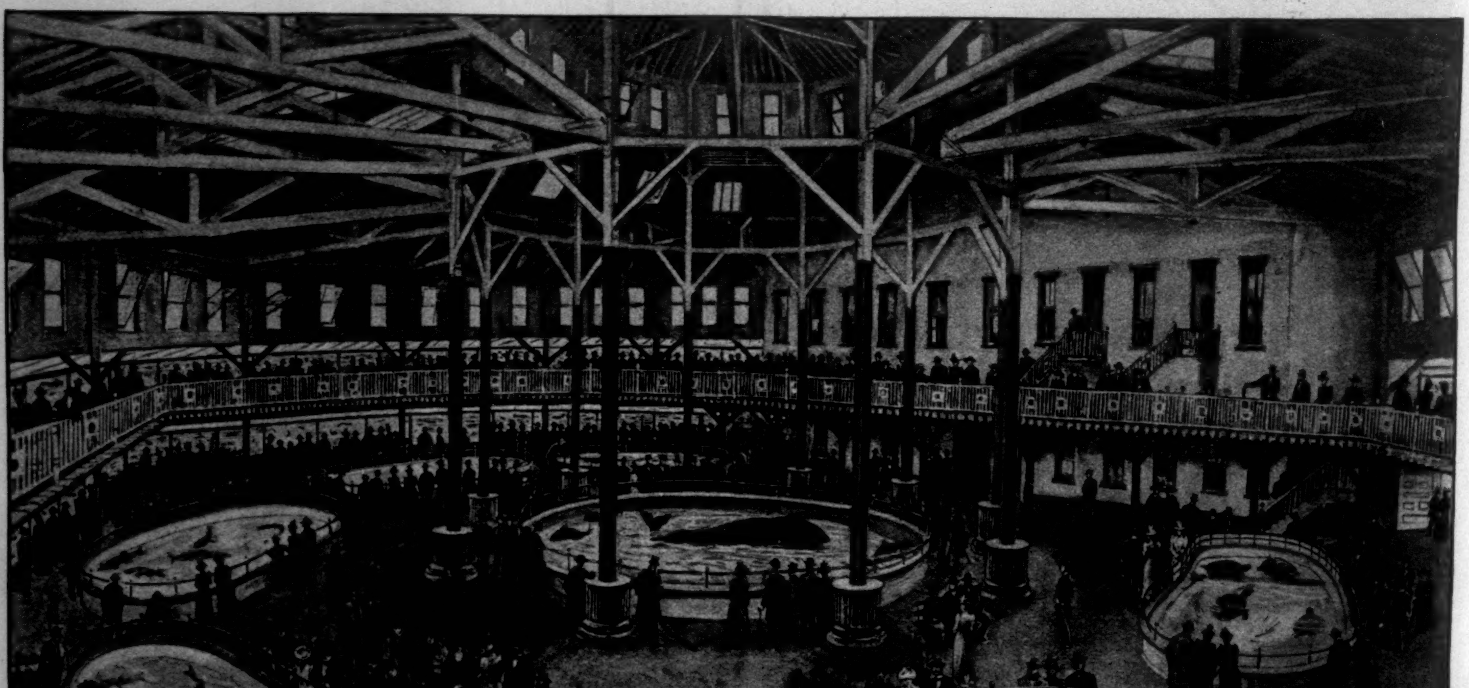
"Naw, Hilary, I don't want nuthin' ter drink. 'Bleeged ter ye, but I ain't wantin' nuthin' ter drink," reiterated the miller, plaintively.

Isham Beaton cast a glance of alarm at the dimly seen, monastic face of his adviser in the gloom. It was unchanged. Its pallor and its keen outline enabled its expression to be discerned as he himself went through the motions of sampling the rejected liquor, shook his head discerningly, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and deposited the pitcher near by on a shelf of the rock.

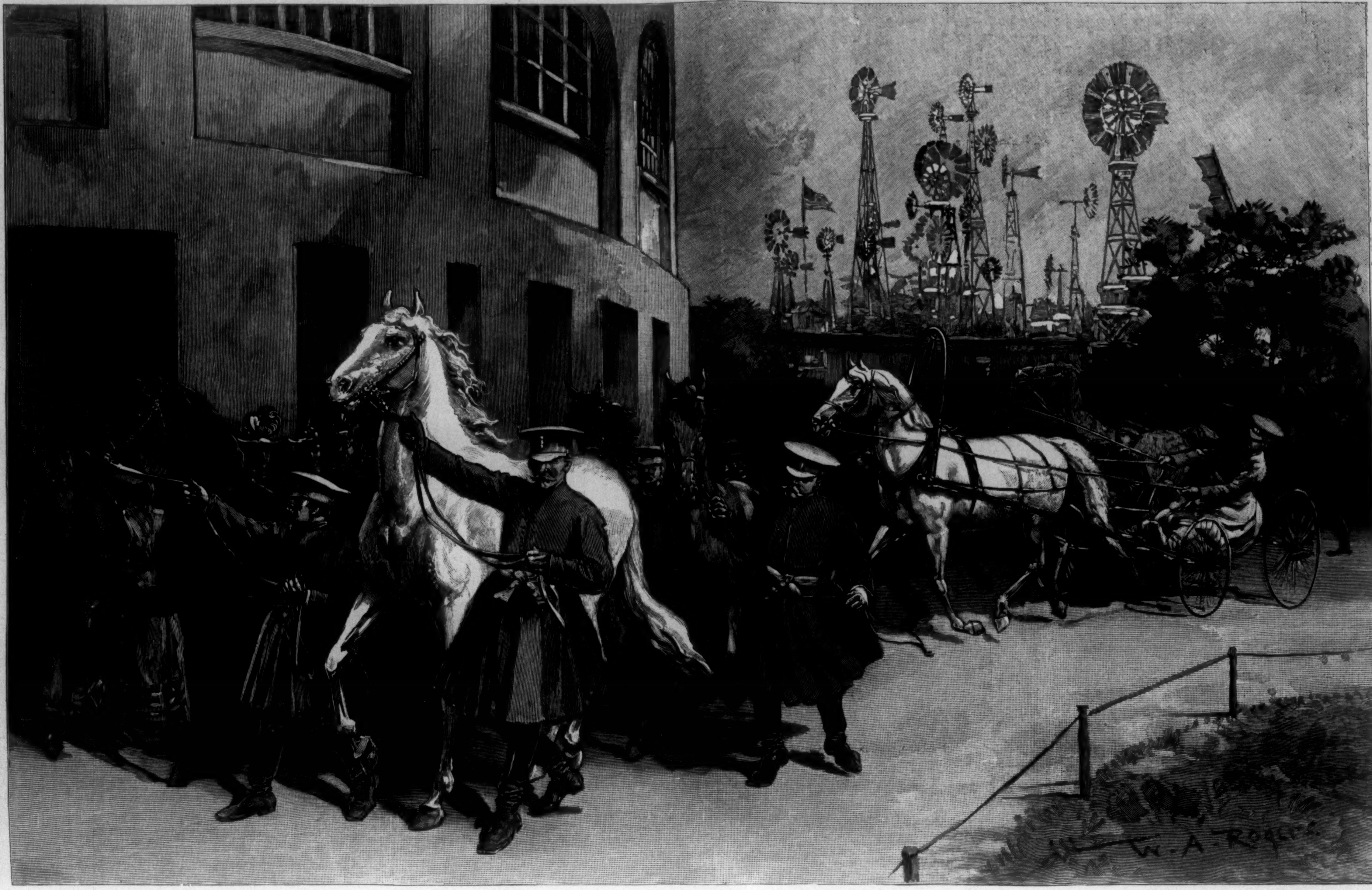
A pause ensued. Nehemiah, with every desire to be agreeable, hardly knew how to commend himself to the irate miller, who would have none of his very existence. No one could more eagerly desire him to be away than he himself. But his absence would not satisfy the miller; nothing less than that the intruder should never have been here. Every perceptible lapse of the moonshiners into anxiety, every recurrent intimation of their most pertinent reason for this anxiety, set Nehemiah a-shaking in his shoes. It might be esteemed the greatest good to the greatest number to make safely away with him, and his fate would forever remain unknown, so cautious had he been to leave no trace by which he might be followed. He gazed with deprecating urbanity, and with his lips distended into a propitiating smile, at the troubled face powdered so white and with its lowering eyes so dark and petulant. He noted that the small-talk amongst the others, mere unindividualized lumpish fellows with scant voice in the government of their common enterprise, had ceased, and that they no longer busied themselves with the necessary work about the still, nor with the snickering interludes and horse-play with which they beguiled their labors. They had all seated themselves, and were looking from one to the other of the more important members of the guild with an air which betokened the momentary expectation of a crisis. Only the man who had the violin, with the persistent, untimely industry of incapacity, twanged the strings, and tuned and retuned the instrument, each time producing a result more astonishingly off the key than before. He was evidently unaware of this till some one with senses ajar suggested that all was not as it should be in the drunken reeling catch he sought to play, when he would desist in surprise, and once more diligently rub the bow with resin, as if that

(*Continued on page 938.*)

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—AT THE JAVANESE THEATRE IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—[See Page 930.]
Drawn by E. W. Kemble.



THE AQUARIUM IN OLD CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—[See Page 931.]
Drawn by Victor Perard.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE RUSSIAN HORSE EXHIBIT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

(Continued from page 935.)

mended the matter. The miller's lowering eyes rested on his shadowy outline as he sat thus engaged for a moment, and then he broke out suddenly:

"Yes, this hyar still is the place fur news, an' the place ter look out fur what ye don't expec' ter happen. It's powerful pleasant ter be a-meetin' of folks hyar—this hyar stranger this evenin'"—his gleaming teeth in the semi-obscurity notified Yerby that a smile of spurious politeness was bent upon him, and he made haste to grin very widely in response—"an' that thar fiddle 'minds me o' how onexpected 'twar whenst I met up with Lee-yander hyar—'pears ter me, Bob, ez ye air goin' ter diddle the life outn his fiddle—an' Hilary jes begged an' beseeched me ter take the boy with me ter help 'round the mill, ez he war a-runnin' away. Ye want me ter 'commodate this stranger too, ez mebbe air runnin' from them ez wants him, hey Hilary?"

The grin was petrified on Nehemiah's face. He felt his blood rush quickly to his head in the excitement of the moment. So here was the bird very close at hand! And here was his enterprise complete and successful. He could go away after the cowardly caution of the moonshiners should have expended itself in dallying and delay, with his negotiation for the wild-cat ended, and his accomplished young relative in charge. He drew himself erect with a sense of power. The moonshiners, the miller, would not dare to make an objection. He knew too much! he knew far too much!

The door of the furnace was suddenly flung ajar, but he was too much absorbed to perceive the keen face of Hilary Tarbetts beside it as he knelt, or the change that came upon it as the guest's portentous triumphant smile was fully revealed. Yerby did not lose, however, the glance of reproach which the moonshiner cast upon the miller, nor the miller's air at once triumphant, ashamed, and regretful. He had in petulant pique disclosed the circumstance which he had pledged himself not to disclose.

"This man's name is Yerby too," Hilary said, significantly, gazing steadily at the miller.

The miller looked dumfounded for a moment. He stared from one to the other in silence. His conscious expression changed to obvious discomfiture. He had expected no such result as this. He had merely given way to a momentary spite in the disclosure, thinking it entirely insignificant, only calculated to slightly annoy Hilary, who had made the affair his own. He would not in any essential have thwarted his comrade's plans, nor in his habitual adherence to the principles of fair play would he have assisted in the boy's capture. He drew himself up from his relaxed posture; his spurred feet shuffled heavily on the stone floor of the grotto. Two bright red spots appeared on either cheek; his eyes had become anxious and subdued in the quick shiftings of temper of the red-haired gentry; his face of helpless appeal was bent on Hilary Tarbetts, as if relying on his resources to mend the matter; but ever and anon he turned his eyes, animated with a suspicious dislike, on Yerby, who, however, could have snapped his fingers in the faces of them all, so confident, so hilariously triumphant was he.

"Yarby, I b'lieve ye said yer name war, an' so did Peter Green," said Tarbetts, still kneeling by the open furnace door, his pale cheek reddening in the glow of the fire.

Thus reminded of the testimony of his acquaintance, Yerby did not venture to repudiate his cognomen.

"An' what did ye kem hyar fur?" blustered the miller. "A-sarchin' fur the boy?"

Yerby's lips had parted to acknowledge this fact, but Tarbetts suddenly anticipated his response, and answered for him:

"Oh no, Alfred. Nobody ain't sech a fool ez ter kem hyar ter this hyar still, a stranger an' mebbe suspected ez a spy, ter hunt up stray childern, an' git thar heads shot off, or mebbe drownded in a mighty handy waterfall, or sech. This hyar man air one o' we-uns. He air a-tradin' fur our liquor, an' he'll kerry a barrel away whenst he goes."

Yerby winced at the suggestion conveyed so definitely in this crafty speech; he was glad when the door of the furnace clashed, so that his face might not tell too much of the shifting thoughts and fears that possessed him.

The miller's fickle mind wavered once more. If Yerby had not come for the boy, he himself had done no damage in disclosing Leander's whereabouts. Once more his quickly illumined anger was kindled against Tarbetts, who had caused him a passing but poignant self-reproach. "Waal, then," he demanded, "what air ye a-raisin' sech a row fur? Lee-yander ain't noways so special precious ez I knows on. Toler'ble lazy an' triflin', an' mightily gi'n over ter droolin' over a readin'-book he hev got. That thar mill war a-grindin' o' nuthin' at all more'n haffen ter-day, through me bein' a-nappin', and Lee-yander plumb demented by his book so ez he furgot ter pour enny grist inter the hopper. Shucks! his kin is welcome ter enny sech critter ez that, though I ain't denyin' ez he'd be toler'ble spry ef he could keep his nose outn his book," he qualified, relenting, "or his fiddle outn his hands. I made him leave his fiddle hyar ter the still, an' I be goin' ter hide his book."

"No need," thought Nehemiah, scornfully. Book and scholar and it might be fiddle too, so indulgent had the prospect of success made him, would by to-morrow be on the return route to the cross-roads. He even ventured to differ with the overbearing miller.

"I dun'no' 'bout that; books an' edication in gin'ral air toler'ble useful wunst in a while;" he was thinking of the dark art of dividing and multiplying by fractions. "The Yarbys hev always hed the name o' bein' quick at thar book."

Now the democratic sentiment in this country is bred in the bone, and few of its denizens have so diluted it with Christian grace as to willingly acknowledge a superior. In such a coterie as this "eating humble-pie" is done only at the muzzle of a "shootin'-iron."

"Never hearn afore ez enny o' the Yarbys knowed B from bull-foot," remarked one of the unindividualized lumpish moonshiners, shadowy, indistinguishable in the circle about the rotund figure of the still. He yet retained acrid recollections of unavailing struggles with the alphabet, and was secretly of the opinion that education was a painful thing, and, like the yellow fever or other deadly disease, not worth having. Nevertheless, since it was valued by others, the Yerbys should scathless make no unfounded claims. "Ef the truth war knowed nare one of 'em afore could tell a book from a bear-trap."

Nehemiah's flush the darkness concealed; he moistened his thin lips, and then gave a little cackling laugh, as if he regarded this as pleasantry. But the demolition of the literary pretensions of his family once begun went bravely on.

"Abner Todd larnt this hyar boy all he knows," another voice took up the testimony. "Ab 'lows ez his mother war quick at school, but his dad—law! I knowed Ebenezer Yarby! He war a frien'ly sorter cuss, good-nachured an' kind-spoken, but ye could put all the larnin' he hed in the corner o' yer eye."

"An' Lee-yander don't favor none o' ye," observed another of the undiscriminated, unimportant members of the group, who seemed to the groping scrutiny of Nehemiah to be only endowed with sufficient identity to do the rough work of the still, and to become liable to the Federal law. "Thar's Hil'ry—he seen it right off. Hil'ry he tuk a look at Lee-yander whenst he wanted ter kem an' work along o' we-uns, 'kase his folks wanted ter take him away from the Sudleys. Hil'ry opened the furnace door—jes so; an' he cotch the boy by the arm"—the great brawny fellow, unconsciously dramatic, suited the action to the word, his face and figure illumined by the sudden red glow—"an' Hil'ry, he say, 'Naw, by God—ye hev got yer mother's eyes in yer head, an' I'll swear ye sha'n't larn ter be a sot!' An' that's how kem Hil'ry made Alf Bixby take Lee-yander ter work in the mill. Ef ennybody tuk arter him he war convenient ter disappear down hyar with we-uns. So he went ter the mill."

"An' I wisht I had put him in the hopper an' ground him up," said the miller, in a blood-curdling tone, but with a look of plaintive anxiety in his eyes. "He hev made a heap o' trouble 'twixt Hil'ry an' me fust an' last. Whar's Hil'ry disappeared to, ennyways?"

For the flare from the furnace showed that this leading spirit among the moonshiners had gone softly out. Nehemiah, whose courage was dissipated by some subtle influence of his presence, now made bold to ask, "An' what made him ter set store on Lee-yander's mother's eyes—or hisn, either?" His tone was as bluffly sarcastic as he dared.

"Shucks—ye mus' hev hearn that old tale," said the miller, cavalierly. "This hyar Malviny Hixon—ez lived down in Tanglefoot Cove then—her an' Hil'ry war promised ter marry, but the revenuers captured him—he war a-runnin' a still in Tanglefoot then—an' they kep' him in jail somewhar in the North—Albany, I b'lieve—fur five year. Waal, she waited toler'ble constant fur two or three year, but Ebenezer Yarby he kem a-visitin' his kin down in Tanglefoot Cove, an' she an' him met at a bran dance, an' the fust thing I hearn they war merried, an' 'fore Hil'ry got back she war dead an' buried, an' so war Ebenezer."

There was a pause while the flames roared in the furnace, and the falling water desperately dashed upon the rocks, and its tumultuous voice continuously pervaded the silent void wildernesses without, and the sibilant undertone, the lisping whisperings, smote the senses anew.

"He met up with cornsider'ble changes fur five year," remarked one of the men, regarding the matter in its chronological aspect.

Nehemiah said nothing. He had heard the story before, but it had been forgotten. A worldly mind like his is not apt to burden itself with the sentimental details of an antenuptial romance of the woman whom his half-brother had married some sixteen years ago.

A persuasion that it was somewhat unduly long-lived impressed others of the party.

"It's plumb cur'us Hil'ry 'ain't never furgot her," observed one of them. "He hev never merried at all. My wife says it's jes contrariousness. Ef Malviny hed been his wife an' died, he'd hev merried agin 'fore the year war out. An' I tell my wife that he'd hev been better acquainted with her then, an' would hev fund out ez no woman war wuth mournin' 'bout fur nigh twenty year. My wife says she can't make out ez how Hil'ry 'ain't got pride enough not ter furgive her fur givin' him the mitten like she done. An' I tell my wife that holdin' a gredge agin a woman fur bein' fickle is like holdin' a gredge agin her fur bein' a woman."

He paused with an air, perceived somehow in the brown dusk, of having made a very neat point. A stir of assent was vaguely suggested when some chivalric impulse roused a champion at the further side of the worm, whose voice rang out brusquely:

"Jes listen at Tom! A body ter hear them tales he tells 'bout argufyin' with his wife would 'low he war a mighty smart apt man, an' the pore foolish 'oman skeercely hed a sensible word ter bless herself with. When everybody that knows Tom knows he sings mighty small round home. Ye stopped too soon, Tom. Tell what yer wife said to that."

Tom's embarrassed feet shuffled heavily on the rocks, apparently in search of subterfuge. The dazzling glintings from the crevices of the furnace door showed here and there gleaming teeth broadly agrin.

"Jes called me a fool in gineral," admitted the man skilled in argument.

"An' didn't she 'low ez men folks war fickle too, an' remind ye o' yer young days whenst ye went a-courtin' hyar an' thar, an' tell over a string o' gals names till she sounded like an off'cer o' the day callin' the roll?"

"Ye-es," admitted Tom, thrown off his balance by this preternatural insight, "but all them gals war a-tryin' ter marry me—not me tryin' ter marry them."

There was a guffaw at this modest assertion, but the disaffected miller's tones dominated the rude merriment.

"Whenst a feller takes ter drink folks kin spell out a heap o' reasons but the true one—an' that's 'kase he likes it. Hil'ry 'ain't never named that 'oman's name ter me, an' I hev knowed him ez well ez ennybody hyar. Jes t'other day whenst that boy kem, bein' foolish an' maudlin, he seen suthin' oncommon in Lee-yander's eyes—they'll be mighty oncommon ef he keeps on readin' his tomfool book, ez he knows by heart, by the firelight when it's dim. Ef folks air so sot agin strong drink, let 'em drink less tharsefs. Hear Brother Peter Pendergast preach agin liquor, an' ye'd know ez all wine-bibbers air bound fur hell."

"But the Bible don't name 'whiskey' once," said the man called Tom, in an argumentative tone. "High wines I'll gin ye up;" he made the discrimination in accents betokening much reasonable admission; "but whenst rectified an' kem ter be whiskey, nare time does the Bible name whiskey, nor yit peach brandy, nor apple-jack."

"Nor singlings, nor doublin's, nor beer," put in an unexpected recruit from the darkness.

The miller was silent for a moment, and gave token of succumbing to this unexpected polemic strength. Then, taking thought and courage together, "Ye can't say the Bible ain't down on 'strong drink'?" There was no answer from the vanquished, and he went on in the overwhelming miller's voice: "Hil'ry hed better be purtectin' hisself from strong drink, 'stiddier the boy—by makin' him stay up thar at the mill whar he knows thar's no drinkin' goin' on—ez will git chances at it other ways, ef not through him, in the long life he hev got ter live. The las' time the revenuers got Hil'ry 'twar through bein' ez drunk ez a fraish-biled owl. It makes me powerful oneasy whenever I know ye air all drunk an' a-gallopadin' down hyar, an' no mo' able to act reasonable in case o' need an' purtect yersefs agin spies an' revenuers an' sech 'n nuthin' in this worl'. The las' raid, ye 'member, we hed the still over yander;" he jerked his thumb in the direction present to his thoughts, but unseen by his coadjutors; "a man war wounded, an' we dun'no' but what killed in the scuffle, an' 'twould be a hangin' matter ter git caught now. Ye oughter keep sober; an' ye know, Isham, ye oughter keep Hil'ry sober. I dun'no' why ye can't. I never could abide the nasty stuff—it's enough ter turn a bull-frog's stomach. Whiskey is good ter sell—not ter drink. Let them consarned idjits in the flat woods buy it, an' drink it. Whiskey is good ter sell—not ter drink."

This peculiar temperance argument was received in thoughtful silence, the reason of all the mountaineers commending it, while certain of them knew themselves and were known to be incapable of profiting by it.

Nehemiah had scant interest in this conversation. He was conscious of the strain on his attention as he followed it, that no point of the situation should escape unnoted, and its utility canvassed at a leisure moment. He marked the allusion to the man supposed to have been killed in the skirmish with the raiders, and he appraised its value as coercion in any altercation that he might have in seeking to take Leander from his present guardians. But he felt in elation that that was likely to be of the slightest; the miller evidently found himself hampered rather than helped by the employment of the boy; and as to the moonshiner's sentimental partisanship, for the sake of an old attachment to the dead-and-gone mountain girl, there was hardly anything in the universe so tenuous as to bear comparison with its fragility. "A few drinks ahead," he said to himself, with a sneer, "an' he won't remember who Malviny Hixon was, ef thar is ennything in the old tale—which it's more'n apt thar ain't."

He began, after the fashion of successful people, to cavil because his success was not more complete. How the time was wasting here in this uncomfortable interlude! Why could he not have discovered Leander's whereabouts earlier, and by now be jogging along the road home with the boy by his side? Why had he not bethought himself of the mill in the first instance—that focus of gossip where all the news of the country-side is mysteriously garnered and thence dispensed bounteously to all comers? It was useless, as he fretted and chafed at these untoward omissions, to urge in his own behalf that he did not know of the existence of the mill; and that the miller, being an ungenial and choleric man, might have perversely lent himself to resisting his demand for the custody of the young runaway. No, he told himself emphatically, and with good logic, too, the miller's acrimony rose from his discovery of the still and the danger of his introduction into its charmed circle. And that reflection reminded him anew of his own danger here—not from the lawless denizens of the place, but from the forces which he himself had evoked, and again he glanced out toward the waterfall as fearful of the raiders as any moonshiner of them all.

But what sudden glory was on the waters, mystic, white, an opaque brilliance upon the swirling foam and the bounding spray, a crystalline glitter upon the smooth expanse of the swift cataract! The moon was in the sky, and its light, with noiseless tread, sought out strange lonely places, and illusions were astir in the solitudes. Pensive peace, thoughts too subtle for speech to shape, spiritual yearnings, were familiars of the hour and of this melancholy splendor; but he knew none of them, and the sight gave him no joy. He only thought that this was a night for the saddle, for the quiet invasion of the woods, when the few dwellers by the wayside were lost in slumber. He trembled anew at the thought of the raiders whom he himself had summoned; he forgot his curses on their laggard service; he upbraided himself anew that he had not earlier made shift to depart by some means—by any means—before the night came with this great emblazoning bold-faced moon that but prolonged the day; and he started to his feet with a galvanic jerk and a sharp exclamation when swift steps were heard on the rocks outside, and a man with the lightness of a deer sprang down the ledges and into the great arched opening of the place.

"'Tain't nobody but Hil'ry," observed Isham Beaton, half in reproach, half in reassurance.

The pervasive light without dissipated in some degree the gloom within the grotto; a sort of gray visibility was on the appurtenances and the figures about the still, not strong enough to suggest color, but giving contour. His fright had been marked, he knew; a sort of surprised reflectiveness was in the manner of several of the moonshiners, and Nehemiah, with his ready fears, fancied that this inopportune show of terror had revived their suspicions of him. It required some effort to steady his nerves after this, and when footfalls were again audible without, and all the denizens of the place sat calmly smoking their pipes without so much as a movement toward investigating the sound, he, knowing whose steps he had invited thither, had great ado with the coward within to keep still, as if he had no more reason to fear an approach than they.

A great jargon in the tone of ecstasy broke suddenly upon the air upon this new entrance, shattering what little composure Nehemiah had been able to muster; a wide-mouthed exaggeration of welcome in superlative phrases and ready chorus. Swiftly turning he saw nothing for a moment, for he looked at the height which a man's head might reach, and the new-comer measured hardly two feet high, waddled in a very uncertain gait, and although he bore himself with manifest complacence, he had heard the like before, as he was jovially hailed by every ingratiating epithet presumed to be acceptable to his infant mind. He was attended by a tall gaunt boy of fifteen, barefooted, with snaggled teeth and a shock of tow hair, wearing a shirt of unbleached cotton, and a pair of trousers supported by a single suspender across a sharp protuberant shoulder-blade behind and a very narrow chest in front. But his face was proud and happy and gleeful, as if he occupied some post of honor and worldly emolument in attending upon the waddling wonder on the floor in front of him, instead of being assigned the ungrateful task of seeing to it that a very ugly baby closely related to him did not, with the wiliness and ingenuity of infant nature, invent some method of making away with himself. For he *was* an ugly baby as he stood revealed in the flare of the furnace door, thrown open that his admirers and friends might feast their eyes upon him. His short wisps of red hair stood straight up in front; his cheeks were puffy and round, but very rosy; his eyes were small and dark, but blandly roguish; his mouth was wide and damp, and had in it a small selection of sample teeth, as it were; he wore a blue checked homespun dress garnished down the back with big horn buttons, sparsely set on; he clasped his chubby hands upon a somewhat pompous stomach; he sidled first to the right, then to the left, in doubt as to which of the various invitations he should accept.

"Kem hyar, Snooks!" "Right hyar, Toodles!" "Me

hyar, Monkey Doodle!" "Hurrah fur the leetle-est moonshiner on record!" resounded fulsomely about him. Many were the compliments showered upon him, and if his flatterers told lies, they had told more wicked ones. The pipes all went out, and the broken-nosed pitcher languished in disuse as he trotted from one pair of outstretched arms to another to give an exhibition of his progress in the noble art of locomotion, and if he now and again sat down, unexpectedly to himself and to the spectator, he was set upon his feet again with spurious applause and encouragement. He gave an exhibition of his dancing—a funny little shuffle of exceeding temerity, considering the facilities at his command for that agile amusement, but he was made reckless by praise—and they all lied valiantly in chorus. He repeated all the words he knew, which were few, and for the most part unintelligible, crowed like a cock, barked like a dog, mewed like a cat, and finally went away, his red cheeks yet more ruddily aglow, grave and excited and with quickly beating pulses, like one who has achieved some great public success and led captive the hearts of thousands.

The turmoils of his visit and his departure were great indeed. It all irked Nehemiah Yerby, who had scant affiliations with infancy and little perception of the jocosity of the aspect of callow human nature, and it seemed strange to him that these men, all with their liberty, even their existence, jeopardized upon the chances that a moment might bring forth, could so relax their sense of danger, so disregard the mandates of stolid common-sense, and give themselves over to the puerile beguilements of the visitor. The little animal was the son of one of them, he knew, but he hardly guessed whom until he marked the paternal pride and content that had made unwontedly placid the brow of the irate miller while the ovation was in progress. Nehemiah greatly preferred the adult specimen of the race, and looked upon youth as an infirmity which would mend only with time. He was easily confused by a stir; the gurglings, the ticklings, the loud laughter both in the deep bass of the hosts and the keen treble of the guest, had a befuddling effect upon him; his powers of observation were numbed. As the great burly forms shifted to and fro, resuming their former places, the red light from the open door of the furnace illumining their laughing bearded countenances, casting a roseate suffusion upon the white turmoils of the cataract, and showing the rugged interior of the place with its damp and dripping ledges, he saw for the first time among them Leander's slight figure and smiling face; the violin was in his hand, one end resting on a rock as he tightened a string; his eyes were bent upon the instrument, while his every motion was earnestly watched by the would-be fiddler.

Nehemiah started hastily to his feet. He had not expected that the boy would see him here. To divide a secret like this of aiding in illicit distilling with one of his own household was more than his hardihood could well contemplate. As once more the contemned "ping-pang" of the process of tuning fell upon the air, Leander chanced to lift his eyes. They smilingly swept the circle until they rested upon his uncle. They suddenly dilated with astonishment, and the violin fell from his nerveless hand upon the floor. The surprise, the fear, the repulsion his face expressed suddenly emboldened Nehemiah. The boy evidently had not been prepared for the encounter with his relative here. Its only significance to his mind was the imminence of capture and being constrained to accompany his uncle home. He cast a glance of indignant reproach upon Hilary Tarbetts, who was not even looking at him. The moonshiner stood filling his pipe with tobacco, and as he deftly extracted a coal from the furnace to set it alight, he shut the door with a clash, and for a moment the whole place sunk into invisibility, the vague radiance vouchsafed to the recesses of the grotto by the moonbeams on the water without annihilated for the time by the contrast with the red furnace glare. Nehemiah had a swift fear that in this sudden eclipse Leander might slip softly out and thus be again lost to him, but as the dull gray light gradually reasserted itself, and the figures and surroundings emerged from the gloom, resuming shape and consistency, he saw Leander still standing where he had disappeared in the darkness; he could even distinguish his pale face and lustrous eyes. Leander at least had no intention to shirk explanations.

"Why, Uncle Nehemiah!" he said, his boyish voice ringing out tense and excited above the tones of the men, once more absorbed in their wonted interests. A sudden silence ensued amongst them. "What air ye a-doin' hyar?"

"Waal, ah, Lee-yander, boy—" Nehemiah hesitated. A half-suppressed chuckle among the men, whom he had observed to be addicted to horse-play, attested their relish of the situation. Ridicule is always of unfriendly intimations, and the sound served to put Nehemiah on his guard anew. He noticed that the glow in Tarbetts' pipe was still and dull: the smoker did not even draw his breath as he looked and listened. Yerby did not dare avow the true purpose of his presence after his representations to the moonshiners, and yet he could not, he would not in set phrase align himself with the illicit vocation. The boy was too young, too irresponsible, too inimical to himself, he reflected in a sudden panic, to be intrusted with this secret. If in his haphazard, callow folly he should turn informer, he was almost too young to be amenable to the popular sense of justice. He might, by some accident rather than intention, divulge the important knowledge so unsuitable to his years and his capacity for guarding it. He began to share the miller's aversion to the introduction of outsiders to the still. He felt a glow of indignation, as if he had always been a party in interest, that the common safety should not be more jealously guarded. The danger which Leander's youth and inexperience threatened had not been so apparent to him when he first heard that the boy had been here, and the menace was merely for the others. As he felt the young fellow's eyes upon him he recalled, too, the effusive piety of his conversation at Tyler Sudley's house, his animadversions on violin-playing and liquor-drinking, and Brother Peter Pendergast's mild and merciful attitude toward sinners in those unspiced sermons of his, that held out such affluence of hope to the repentant rather than to the self-righteous. The blood surged unseen into Nehemiah's face. For shame, for very shame he could not confess himself one with these outcasts. He made a feint of searching in the semi-obscurity for the rickety chair on which he had been seated, and resumed his former attitude as Leander's voice once more rang out,

"What air ye a-doin' hyar, Uncle Nehemiah?"

"Jes a-visitin', sonny; jes a-visitin'."

There was a momentary pause, and the felicity of the answer was demonstrated by another chuckle from the group. His senses, alert to the emergency, discriminated a difference in the tone. This time the laugh was with him rather than at him. He noted, too, Leander's dumfounded pause, and the suggestion of discomfiture in the boy's lustrous eyes, still widely fixed upon him. As Leander stooped to pick up the violin he remarked with an incidental accent, and evidently in default of retort, "I be powerful s'prised ter view ye hyar."

Nehemiah smarted under the sense of unmerited reproach; so definitely aware was he of being out of the character which he had assumed and worn until it seemed even to him his own, that he felt as if he were constrained to some ghastly masquerade. Even the society of the moonshiners as their guest was a reproach to one who had always piously, and in such involuted and redundant verbiage, spurned the ways and haunts of the evil-doer. According to the dictates of policy he should have rested content with his advantage over the silenced lad. But his sense of injury engendered a desire of reprisal, and he impulsively carried the war into the enemy's country.

"I ain't in no ways s'prised ter view you-uns hyar, Lee-yander," he said. "From the ways, Lee-yander, ez ye hev been brung up by them slack-twisted Sudleys—ungodly folks 'ceptin' what little regeneration they kin git from the sermons of Brother Peter Pendergast, who air onsartain in his mind whether folks ez ain't church-members air goin' ter be damned or no—I ain't s'prised none ter view ye hyar." He suddenly remembered poor Laurelia's arrogations of special piety, and it was with exceeding ill will that he added: "An' Mis' Sudley in partic'lar. Ty ain't no great shakes ez a shoutin' Christian. I dun'no' ez I ever hearn him shout once, but his wife air one o' the reg'lar, mournful, unrejicing members, always questioning the decrees of Providence, an' what ain't no nigher salvation, ef the truth war knowed, 'n a sinner with the throne o' grace yit ter find."

Leander had not picked up the violin; this disquisition had arrested his hand until his intention was forgotten. He came slowly to the perpendicular, and his eyes gleamed in the dusk. A vibration of anger was in his voice as he retorted:

"Mebbe so—mebbe they air sinners; but they'd look powerful comical 'visitin'' hyar!"

"Ty Sudley ain't one o' the drinkin' kind," interpolated the miller, who evidently had the makings of a temperance man. "He never sot foot hyar in his life."

"Them ez kem a-visitin' hyar," blustered the boy, full of the significance of his observations and experience, "air either wantin' a drink or two 'thout payin' fur it, or else air tradin' fur liquor ter sell, an' that's the same ez moonshinin' in the law."

There was a roar of delight from the circle of lumpish figures about the still which told the boy that he had hit very near to the mark. Nehemiah hardly waited for it to subside before he made an effort to divert Leander's attention.

"An' what air *you-uns* doin' hyar?" he demanded. "Tit for tat."

"Why," bluffly declared Leander, "I be a-runnin' away from you-uns. An' I 'lowed the still war one place whar I'd be sure o' not meetin' ye. Not ez I hev got ennything agin moonshinin' nuther," he added, hastily, mindful of a seeming reflection on his refuge. "Moonshinin' *is business*, though the United States don't seem ter know it. But I hev hearn ye kerry on so pious 'bout not lookin' on the wine whenst it be red, that I 'lowed ye wouldn't like ter look on the still whenst—whenst it's yaller." He pointed with a burst of callow merriment at the big copper vessel, and once more the easily excited mirth of the circle burst forth irrepressibly.

Encouraged by this applause, Leander resumed: "Why, *I* even turns my back on the still myself outn respec' ter the fambly—Cap'n an' Neighbor bein' so set agin liquor. Cap'n's ekal ter preachin' on it ef ennything onexpected war ter happen ter Brother Pendergast. An' when I *hev* ter view it, I look at it sorter cross-eyed." The flickering line of light from the crevice of the furnace door showed that he was squinting frightfully, with the much-admired eyes his mother had bequeathed to him, at the rotund shadow, with the yellow gleams of the metal barely suggested in the brown dusk. "So I tuk ter workin' at the mill. An' *I* hev got nuthin' ter do with the still." There was a pause. Then, with a strained tone of appeal in his voice, for a future with Uncle Nehemiah had seemed very terrible to him, "So ye warn't a-sarchin' hyar fur me, war ye, Uncle Nehemiah?"

Nehemiah hesitated. There is a peculiar glutinous quality in the resolve of a certain type of character which is not allied to steadfastness of purpose, nor has it the enlightened persistency of obstinacy. In view of his earlier account of his purpose he could not avow his errand; it bereft him of naught to disavow it, for Uncle Nehemiah was one of those gifted people who, in common parlance, do not mind what they say. Yet his reluctance to assure Leander that he was not the quarry that had led him into these wilds so mastered him, the spurious relinquishment had so the aspect of renunciation, that he hesitated, started to speak, again hesitated, so palpably that Hilary Tarbetts felt impelled to take a hand in the game.

"Why don't ye sati'fy the boy, Yarby?" he said, brusquely. He took his pipe out of his mouth and turned to Leander. "Naw, bub. He's jes tradin' fur bresh whiskey, that's all; he's sorter skeery 'bout bein' a wild-catter, an' he didn't want ye ter know it."

The point of red light, the glow of his pipe, the only exponent of his presence in the dusky recess where he sat, shifted with a quick, decisive motion as he restored it to his lips.

The blood rushed to Nehemiah's head; he was dizzy for a moment; he heard his heart thump heavily; he saw, or he fancied he saw, the luminous distention of Leander's eyes as this Goliath of his battles was thus delivered into his hands. To meet him here proved nothing; the law was not violated in the mere knowledge that illicit whiskey was in process of manufacture; a dozen different errands might have brought him. But this statement put a sword, as it were, into the boy's hands, and he dared not deny it.

"'Pears ter me," he blurted out at last, "ez ye air powerful slack with yer jaw."

"Lee-yander ain't," coolly returned Tarbetts. "He knows all thar is ter know 'bout we-uns—an' why air ye not ter share our per'ls?"

"I ain't likely ter tell," Leander jocosely reassured him. "But I can't help thinkin' how it would rejice that good Christian 'oman, Cap'n Sudley, ez war made ter set on sech a low stool 'bout my pore old fiddle."

And thus reminded of the instrument, he picked it up, and once more, with the bow held aloft in his hand, he dexterously twanged the strings, and with his deft fingers rapidly and discriminatingly turned the screws, this one up and that one down. The earnest would-be musician, who had languished while the discussion was in progress, now plucked up a freshened interest, and begged that the furnace door might be set ajar to enable him to watch the process and perchance to detect its subtle secret. No objection was made, for the still was nearly empty, and arrangements tending to replenishment were beginning to be inaugurated by several of the men, who were examining the mash in tubs in the further recesses of the place. They were lighted by a lantern which, swinging to and fro as they moved, sometimes so swiftly as to induce a temporary fluctuation threatening eclipse, suggested in the dusk the erratic orbit of an abnormally magnified fire-fly. It barely glimmered, the dullest point of white light, when the rich flare from the opening door of the furnace gushed forth and the whole rugged interior was illumined with its color. The inadequate moonlight fell away; the chastened white splendor on the foam of the cataract, the crystalline glitter, timorously and elusively shifting, was annihilated; the swiftly descending water showed from within only a continuously moving glow of yellow light, all the brighter from the dark-seeming background of the world glimpsed without. A wind had risen, unfelt in these recesses and on the weighty volume of the main sheet of descending water, but at its verge the fitful gusts diverted its downward course, tossing slender jets aslant, and sending now and again a shower of spray into the cavern. Nehemiah remembered his rheumatism with a shiver. The shadows of the men, instead of an unintelligible commingienent with the dusk, were now sharp and distinct, and the light grotesquely duplicated them till the cave seemed full of beings who were not there a moment before—strange troglodytes, clumsy and burly, slow of movement, but swift and mysterious of appearance and disappearance. The beetling ledges here and there imprinted strong black similitudes of their jagged contours on the floor; with the glowing weird illumination the place seemed far more uncanny than before, and Leander, with his face pensive once more in response to the gentle strains slowly, elicited by the bow trembling with responsive ecstasy, his large eyes full of dreamy lights, his curling hair falling about his cheek as it rested upon the violin, his figure, tall and slender and of an adolescent grace, might have suggested to the imagination a reminiscence of Orpheus in Plutonian depths. They all listened in languid pleasure, without the effort to appraise the music or to compare it with other performances—the bane of more cultured audiences; only the ardent amateur, seated close at hand on a bowlder, watched the bowing with a scrutiny which betokened earnest anxiety that no mechanical trick might elude him. The miller's half-grown son, whose ear for any fine distinctions in sound might be presumed to have been destroyed by the clamors of the mill, sat a trifle in the background, and sawed away on an imaginary violin with many flourishes and all the exaggerations of mimicry, thus furnishing the zest of burlesque relished by the devotees of horse play and simple jests, and altogether unaware that he had a caricature in his shadow just behind him, and was thus doing double duty in making both Leander and himself ridiculous. Sometimes he paused in excess of interest when the music elicited an amusement more to his mind than the long-drawn, pathetic cadences which the violinist so much affected. For in sudden changes of mood and in effective contrast the tones came showering forth in keen quick staccato, every one as round and distinct as a globule, but as unindividualized in the swift exuberance of the whole as a drop in a summer's rain, the bow but a glancing line of light in its rapidity, and the bounding movement of the theme set many a foot astir marking time. At last one young fellow, an artist too in his way, laid aside his pipe and came out to dance. A queer *pas seul* it might have been esteemed, but he was light and agile and not ungraceful, and he danced with an air of elation—albeit with a grave face—which added to the enjoyment of the spectator, for it seemed so slight an effort. He was long-winded, and was still bounding about in the double-shuffle and the pigeon wing, his shadow on the wall nimbly following every motion, when the violin's cadence quavered off in a discordant wail, and Leander, the bow pointed at the waterfall, exclaimed: "Look out! Somebody's thar! Out thar on the rocks!"

It was upon the instant, with the evident intention of a surprise, that a half-dozen armed men rushed precipitately into the place. Nehemiah, his head awhirl, hardly distinguished the events as they were confusedly enacted before him. There were loud excited calls, unintelligible, mouthing back in the turbulent echoes of the place, the repeated word "Surrender!" alone conveying meaning to his mind. The sharp succinct note of a pistol-shot was a short answer. Some quick hand closed the door of the furnace and threw the place into protective gloom. He was vaguely aware that a prolonged struggle that took place amongst half a dozen men near him was the effort of the intruders to reopen it. All unavailing. He presently saw figures drawing back to the doorway out of the *mêlée*, for moonshiner and raider were alike indistinguishable, and he became aware that both parties were equally desirous to gain the outer air. Once more pistol-shots—outside this time—then a tumult of frenzied voices. Struck by a pistol-ball, Tarbetts had fallen from the ledge under the weight of the cataract and into the deep abysses below. The raiders were swiftly getting to saddle again. Now and then a crack mountain shot drew a bead upon them from the bushes; but mists were gathering, the moon was uncertain, and the flickering beams deflected the deadly aim. Two or three of the horses lay dead on the river-bank, and others carried double, ridden by men with riddled hats. They were in full retreat, for the catastrophe on the ledge of the cliff struck dismay to their hearts. Had the man been shot, according to the expectation of those who resist arrest, this would be merely the logical sequence of events. But to be hurled from a crag into a cataract savored of atrocity, and they dreaded the reprisals of capture.

It was soon over. The whole occurrence, charged with all the definitiveness of fate, was scant ten minutes in transition. A laggard hoof-beat, a faint echo amidst the silent gathering of the moonlit mists, and the loud plaint of Ho-ho-hebee Falls were the only sounds that caught Nehemiah's anxious ear when he crept out from behind the empty barrels and tremulously took his way along the solitary ledges, ever and anon looking askance at his shadow, that more than once startled him with a sense of unwelcome companionship. The mists, ever thickening, received him into their midst. However threatening to the retreat of the raiders, they were friendly to him. Once, indeed, they parted, showing through the gauzy involutions of their illumined folds the pale moon high in the sky, and close at hand in their midst a horse's head just above his own, with wild dilated eyes and quivering nostrils. Its effect was as detached as if it were only drawn upon a canvas; the mists rolled over anew, and but that he heard the subdued

voice of the rider urging the animal on, and the thud of the hoofs further away, he might have thought this straggler from the revenue party some wild illusion born of his terrors.

The fate of Hilary Tarbetts remained a mystery. When the stream was dragged for his body it was thought strange that it should not be found, since the bowlders that lay all adown the rocky channel so interrupted the sweep of the current that so heavy a weight seemed likely to be caught amongst them. Others commented on the strength and great momentum of the flow, and for this reason it was thought that in some dark underground channel of Hide-and-Seek Creek the moonshiner had found his sepulchre. A story of his capture was circulated after a time; it was supposed that he dived and swam ashore after his fall, and that the raiders overtook him on their retreat, and that he was now immured, a Federal prisoner. The still and all the effects of the brush-whiskey trade disappeared as mysteriously, and doubtless this silent flitting gave rise to the hopeful rumor that Tarbetts had been seen alive and well since that fateful night, and that in some further recesses of the wilderness, undiscovered by the law, he and like comrades continue their chosen vocation. However that may be, the vicinity of Holo-hebee Falls, always a lonely place, is now even a deeper solitude. The beavers, unmolested, haunt the ledges; along their precipitous ways the deer come down to drink; on bright days the rainbow hovers about the falls; on bright nights they glimmer in the moon; but never again have they glowed with the shoaling orange light of the furnace, intensifying to the deep tawny tints of its hot heart, like the rich glamours of some great topaz.

This alien glow it was thought had betrayed the place to the raiders, and Nehemiah's treachery was never discovered. The post-office appointment was bestowed upon his rival for the position, and it was thought somewhat strange that he should endure the defeat with such exemplary resignation to the will of the department. No one seemed to connect his candidacy with his bootless search for his nephew. When Leander chanced to be mentioned, however, he observed with some rancor that he reckoned it was just as well he didn't come up with Lee-yander; there was generally mighty little good in a runaway boy, and Lee-yander had the name of being disobejent an' turr'ble bad.

Leander found a warm welcome at home. His violin had been broken in the *mêlée*, and the miller, though ardently urged, never could remember the spot where he had hidden the book—such havoc had the confusion of that momentous night wrought in his mental processes. Therefore, unhampered by music or literature, Leander addressed himself to the plough-handles, and together that season he and "Neighbor" made the best crop of their lives.

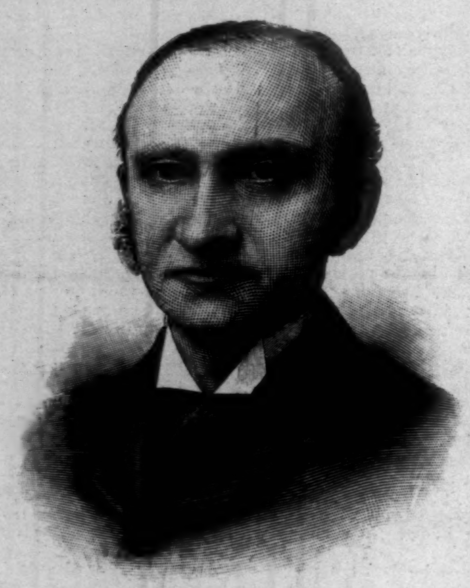
Laurelia sighed for the violin and Leander's music, though, as she always made haste to say, some pious people misdoubted whether it were not a sinful pastime. On such occasions it went hard with Leander not to divulge his late experiences and the connection of the pious Uncle Nehemiah therewith. But he always remembered in time Laurelia's disability to receive confidences, being a woman, and consequently unable to keep a secret, and he desisted.

One day, however, when he and Ty Sudley, ploughing the corn, now knee-high, were pausing to rest in the turn-row, a few furrows apart, in an ebullition of filial feeling he told all that had befallen him in his absence. Ty Sudley, divided between wrath toward Nehemiah and quaking anxiety for the dangers that Leander had been constrained to run—*ex post facto* tremors, but none the less acute—felt moved now and then to complacence in his prodigy.

"So 'twar *you-uns* ez war smart enough ter slam the furnace door an' throw the whole place inter darkness! That saved every one o' them moonshiners from bein' captured, ez sure ez shootin'. 'Twar mighty smart in ye. But"—suddenly bethinking himself of sundry unfilial gibes at Uncle Nehemiah and the facetious account of his plight—"Lee-yander, ye mustn't be so turr'ble bad, sonny; ye *mustn't* be so *turr'ble* bad."

"Naw, ma'am, Neighbor, I won't," Leander protested.

And he went on following the plough down the furrow and singing loud and clear.



W. B. HORNBLOWER,
Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

A NEW JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

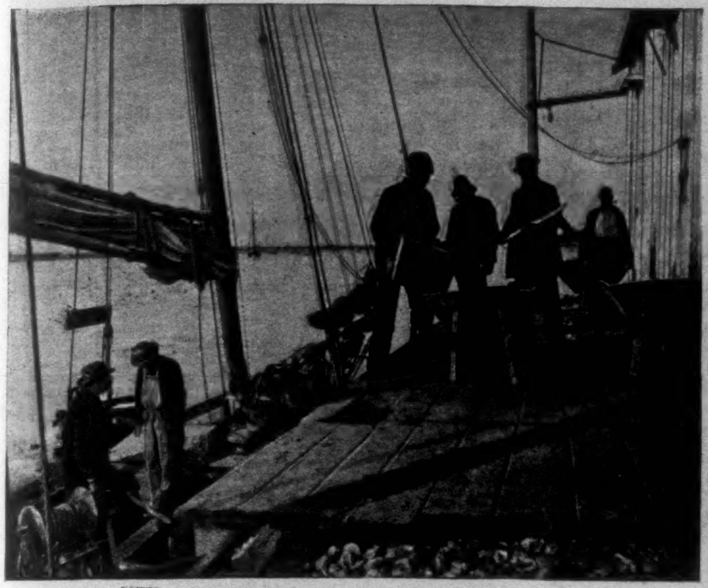
It was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Cleveland would select in the stead of the late Mr. Justice Blatchford some member of the New York bar for the vacant seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Upon whom the choice would fall has been a question over which the lawyers have pondered much. Men fit to hold so exalted a judicial position do not seek advancement, but wait for it, but fortunately positions on this bench have usually been given to men entirely worthy. Besides this, Mr. Cleveland has personal knowledge of the New York bar, and did not need advice. His choice has fallen upon William B. Hornblower, one of the busiest and most successful lawyers at the New York bar. There was no general expectation that Mr. Hornblower would be selected, but when his name was sent into the Senate no surprise was expressed. Lawyers recognized in Mr. Hornblower one of the ablest men in the profession, and litigants who had had to do with him as clients or in opposition were sure of both his ability and his zeal. Mr. Hornblower is a young man—only forty-two. Indeed, with the exception of four other justices, he is the youngest man ever named for place on the Supreme Court. Of these the most notable were Bushrod Washington and Joseph Story. But in these days forty-two is younger for a man to be distinguished in a learned profession than thirty-two was at the beginning of the century. Men begin later, and after a severer preparation, and the competition is much closer. But Mr. Hornblower has been a man of mark for fifteen years past. His opportunity came quickly, and he took full advantage of it.

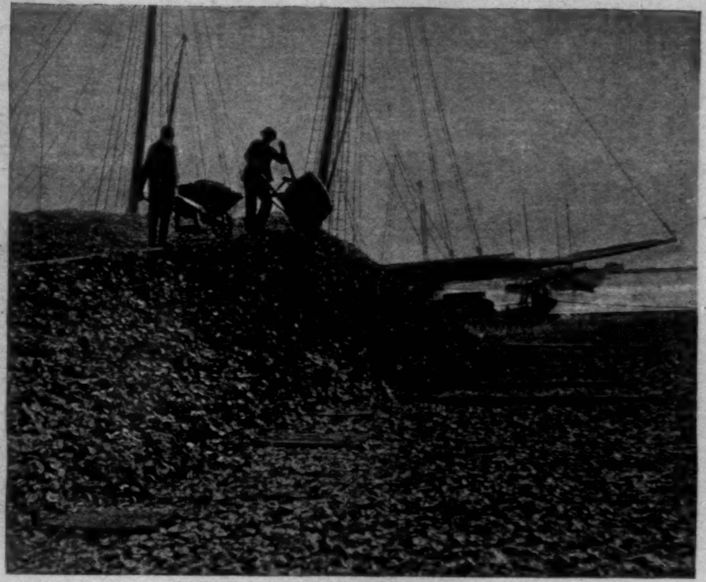
He was born in Paterson, New Jersey, his father being a Presbyterian clergyman, who studied law before entering the church. His grandfather was Chief Justice of New Jersey, and his great-grandfather a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He is a nephew of the late Mr. Justice Joseph P. Bradley, and also a nephew of the late Judge Woodruff, of the United States Circuit Court. It will therefore be seen that he comes of a family of judges. Mr. Hornblower is an alumnus of Princeton, being graduated with the class of '73. He studied law at Columbia, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. It is not likely that any one dreamed when the members of this class from the law school received their diplomas that in less than twenty years one of them would be called to a seat on the bench of that court which has the largest jurisdiction of any tribunal in the world. After Mr. Hornblower had been graduated, he entered the law firm of Carter & Eaton as a clerk. Two years later he was a partner. The senior members of the firm had a distaste for appearance in court, and so the young partner of twenty-six was soon busy in the public forum of litigation. This gave him his early opportunity, to which allusion has been made. From then till now he has risen rapidly, always gaining in power, always adding to his reputation for learning in the law, skill in its practice, and painstaking accuracy in the study of his cases.

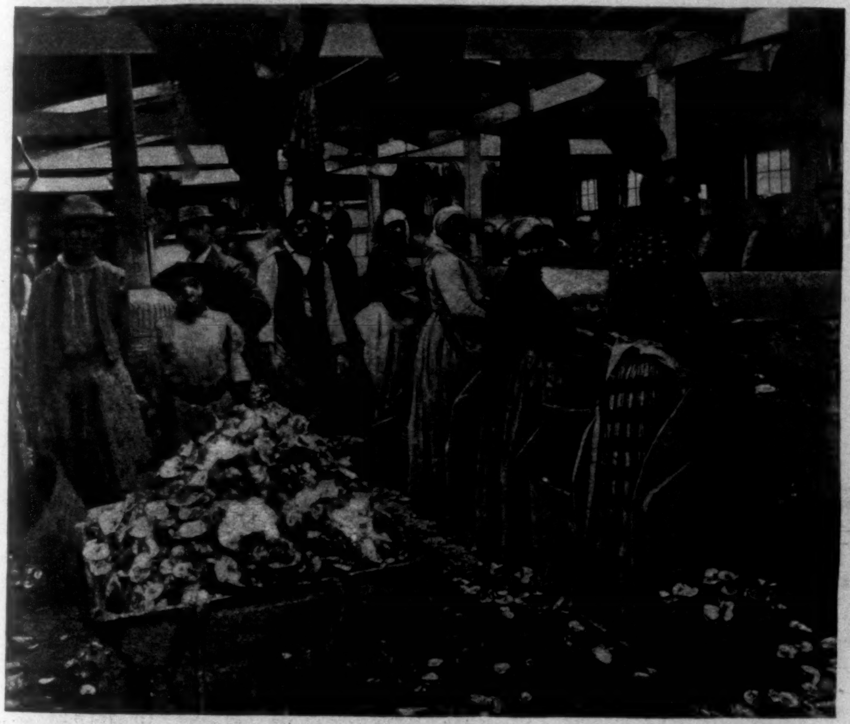
Among the clients that Mr. Hornblower has had may be included some of the largest of the corporations, such, for instance, as the New York Central Railway, the New York Life-insurance Company, and the New York Security and Trust Company. Such corporations have the means to pay for the best legal services, and they usually manage to get them. It has often been said in derogation of a man, "He is a corporation lawyer." But to be a corporation lawyer really means that the lawyer is unusually well equipped with learning, skill, and experience. Mr. Hornblower has also won distinction as a writer on law topics. His only public position was as a member of the State Commission created in 1890 to propose amendments to the judiciary section of the State Constitution.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY RIDE IN A GONDOLA.

MRS. JOHNSON. "LEAN OUT MO', EZ! DOAN' YOU SEE YOU'S TIPPIN' DE GONDOLEY?"


DISCHARGING CARGO OF OYSTERS.


OYSTER-SHELL DUMP.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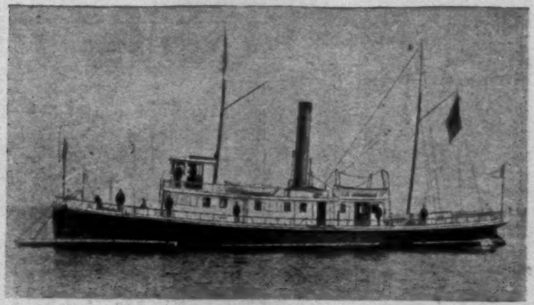
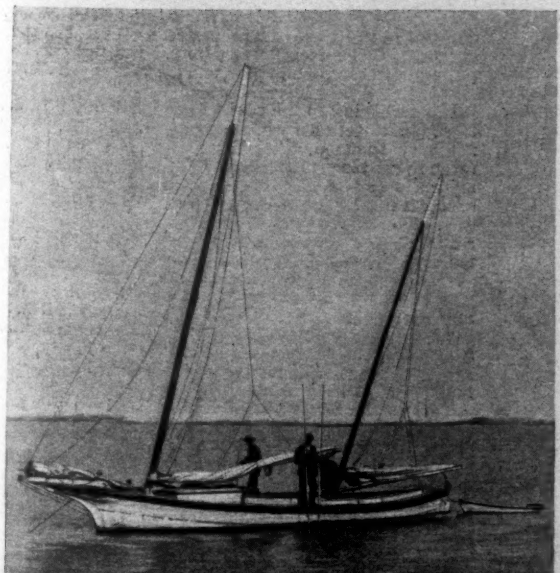

STATE OYSTER-POLICE STEAMER.

DREDGING FOR OYSTERS.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THE OYSTER INDUSTRY ON THE CHESAPEAKE.—[SEE PAGE 944.]

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—AT THE ARAB FANTASÍYA.—DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, ON THE CHEROKEE OPENING.

WHEN Tompkins heard them acres of the Cherokees was free,
He thought he'd like to go an' git a farm for him and me;
But I had no ambition for to "boom" when I could set
In comfort on my old place here, an' keep out o' the wet.
So Bill he started out alone to join the boomin' herd.
He got a front seat on the line, an' waited for the word;
An' when the Gov'ment hollered "Go!" the feller got a start
That would ha' gave a man like me a palpitatin' heart.

He lit acrost the country like a streak o' lightnin' greased;
But not an acre did he find that wa'n't already seized;
For where the "Sooners" wasn't camped in numbers mighty strong,
The "Laters," with their cowhide boots and pistols, came along;
An' Bill he thought that 'tween 'em both—the Sooners an' the Lates—
Life held a better show for him back in the Eastern States;
An' so he started home again upon the old Shanks root,
With two black eyes, no cash, an' clo'es made out o' bags o' jute.

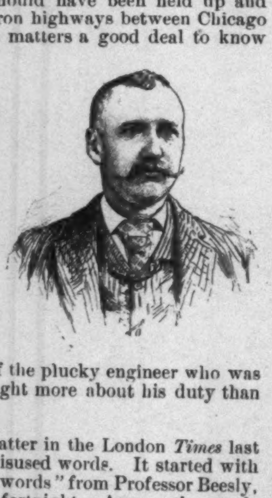
The neighbors think it's funny, but it seems to me to be
A most disgraceful business for a nation rich and free;
An' 'tain't for us to call the man from China barbarous
When plans like that there Cherokee one's good enough for us.
A plan that carries ruin for the weak ones ain't the plan
That should commend itself to one that calls hisself a man;
An' seems to me in lettin' mobs like that begin the run,
The Gov'ment is a party to the murder that is done.

Especially when it's easy to avoid all such mishaps,
By stakin' out the strip in lots, an' showin' 'em on maps;
By lettin' all the scramblin' that is done come through the post,
An' givin' out the farms to them that really needs 'em most.
That there's the plan, unless of course we want the world to see
A lawless mob a-fightin' in this land of Liberty,
An' all the prizes won by those who, with their boots 'n' shot,
Would kick or kill a woman just to get a corner lot.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT seems a cruel thought that a bullet hole through a good man's shoulder should be a source of comfort and satisfaction to his fellow-countrymen, but it may be said, and without any implication of unkind sentiments either, that a multitude of good Americans have found a certain solace in the ragged hole in the shoulder of engineer James F. Knapp, the driver of the Lake Shore train that was waylaid by bandits on the night of September 11th. It is a considerable mortification that a train should have been held up and robbed on one of the great iron highways between Chicago and New York, but it helps matters a good deal to know that the man who had the train in charge was faithful to his trust, and had his courage with him on the trip. It is due perhaps to the spirit with which the engineer met the robbers, and to the resistance made by Express-messenger Weist, that only one car on the train was looted. It is to be hoped that the robbers may be caught and dealt with in such a way as to help make train-robbing unfashionable. Meanwhile, people will be glad to see the accompanying portrait of the plucky engineer who was not afraid of guns, and thought more about his duty than his personal comfort.



Not the least interesting matter in the London *Times* last month was a discussion of misused words. It started with a letter about "a few misused words" from Professor Beesly, and prevailed actively for a fortnight. Among the words from which relief was most vociferously demanded were "morale," "locale," "menu," "exposé," "chaperone," and "function." For "function" used in the sense of "entertainment" the Spanish spelling—"funcion"—was demanded. The final *e* in "chaperone" was derided as an attempt to give a feminine appearance to the French word "chaperon," which means by rights "hood," and is used by a figure of speech only to signify a duenna. Over "menu" there was a lively dispute. Mr. Hugh Robson wrote from the Reform Club to say that it was not a substantive, but an adjective meaning "detail," and was never used in France in the sense of bill of fare except "in huge polyglot caravansaries, which thrive only when fertilized by liberal supplies of English sovereigns and American dollars." But the weight of testimony was against this view, and favored the opinion that "menu" is justifiably used in and out of France to mean an assortment of dishes selected from the *carte du jour*, and arranged in the order in which they are to be served. The fault found with "morale" and "locale" was that they are misused to express ideas that are really represented by the French words *moral* and *local*. One complainant grumbled about the prevailing substitution of "employé" for "servant," and affected to wonder whether the next revisers of the Bible will bow to popular sentiment and speak of "Paul, an *employé* of God." Almost all the words complained of were French. The familiar objection to the expression "mutual friend" was recited again, and one objector declared that any use of "preposterous" except in the sense of "hindside foremost" was wrong. But that was too preposterous an assertion to pass, and the *Times* itself rebuked it.

It is satisfying to the soul to contemplate the careers of those occasional men who really succeed in life. They are not very common. A great many persons worry along through existence in a respectable manner, and leave sincere mourners and an honorable record behind them. But of course it takes more than that to make a distinguished success. To achieve that one must have a high aim, and must realize at least a reasonable part of it. It must be an aim, too, in which his fellow-men have an interest, and by the accomplishment of which they are benefited. The man who merely manages to rake an excessive share of valuables into his pile does not succeed in a way that it is any particular solace to think about. The men whose careers are satisfactory to dwell upon are those who have developed great value out of themselves—out of their own hearts and intellects.

That is the sort of success that has been won by Mr. Francis Parkman, whose neighbors have been celebrating his seventy-first birthday. Mr. Parkman has spent his seventy years to very great purpose. Nearly fifty years ago he set out to write the history of the French in America, and as the result of that undertaking there is a shelfful of books in every good American library upon which all intelligent readers look either with eagerness or with complacency. The readers who are eager are those who have not yet read the books, and the complacent ones are those who have read them. It was a very great achievement to get so much sound history between covers and admit so astonishingly small a proportion of weariness. Mr. Parkman has taken all the pains, and the reader gets the pleasure with scarcely any of the alloy of toil.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Parkman has enjoyed doing the great work that he has done. As is well known, he has had a vocation and an avocation; and when he has not been writing history he has been growing roses. His roses are almost as renowned as his books, for he succeeded famously with them too. What a serene person he must be, and in spite of the inevitable trials and drawbacks of living, what an enviable experience of life he seems to have managed thus far to achieve! It is a very great accomplish-

ment to know how to get the best out of life that it has for you, and no less than that is what Mr. Parkman appears to have done.

Dr. Charcot was a successful man too. He did not invent a new thing, but he did the next thing—he induced people to recognize that one of the old things that had been under the sun these many centuries was a fact and not a mere bogus appearance. The Paris *Temps* spoke of him as "the first of the orthodox *savants* who dared to cross the threshold of mystery, and who succeeded in making simple and comprehensible certain mysterious phenomena which are for the most part the natural consequences of affections having to do with nervous or mental pathology"—which is the long way of saying that he forced the French doctors to recognize the phenomena of hypnotism as scientific truths. Great is the achievement of the man who brings knowledge to the ignorant, but far greater the exploit of the forceful being who can bring his wisdom home to those who know better. Charcot did that, and it will be remembered to his credit.

A reckless person is the eminent Goldwin Smith, the erudite Canadian. In this Columbian year, with the fair under fullest headway at Chicago, he has brought out a new history of the United States in which he describes Columbus as "morally a type of the age which....had for its head Alexander VI., the moral monster of the Papacy." He finds the discoverer to have been a pirate, a kidnapper, a slave-trader, and always greedy for gold, but he does not deny that he was a competent discoverer, which is the main point after all.

The bicycle is gaining in dignity as well as in use. A French contemporary declares that at the coming military funeral it will not be a charger that will lead the procession, but a bicycle of battle. In support of this bold assertion it says that the generals in the French army are applying themselves zealously to the use of bicycles, and it gives a long list of officers of distinction who have felt it incumbent upon them to bestride these useful and popular machines, and have become skilful and enthusiastic performers thereon. Certainly if the bicycle can be reconciled with the pomp and panoply of mimic war, it were vain to hope any longer that derision will avail to check its intrusion upon the paths of peace. If its enemies are not even to be allowed the meagre solace of calling it absurd, they might as well give up the fight. When the Populists elect their candidate for President it is entirely reasonable to expect that he will outdo Jefferson by riding a bicycle from the White House to the Capitol when he goes to be inaugurated, and we may be thankful if he even condescends to take the spring clasps off from the bottoms of his trousers before he stands up to read his speech.

The work of writing poems for occasions might be a more satisfying form of labor if a competent jury could be annually convened to sit on the more notable productions of that sort of the year, and render a verdict upon their literary merit. As it is, it is a job of very doubtful remuneration to be the poet of most occasions. It is hard work to produce even reasonably good poetry, and when the bard who has been prevailed upon to contribute the verse for any public festivity has done his work, there is a painful uncertainty about his getting even the reasonable appreciation that his efforts deserve.

If there were to be such a jury as is above suggested, it would be interesting to learn its verdict on the poem read by editor Joseph O'Connor on New York State day at Chicago. How Mr. O'Connor fared at the hands of his audience we have not learned. The newspapers said that Mr. Depew's oration was cut short by the operations of a propinquitous brass band. The poem may have had a better hearing, and we trust it did, for it seems too meritorious a lay to be drowned out by brass horns at its official hearing, and then to be heard no more. Beginning,

"It happens oftener than we deem
That we should do the good unsought, unknown,
Of which we did not dream;
That from the good we aimed at we should swerve,
And in our dear delusion, so subserve
God's purposes, as we defeat our own."

Mr. O'Connor goes on to tell how much better was the land that Columbus and Hendrick Hudson found than the land they were looking for. And telling wherein its excellence has lain, he suggests some demoralizing tendencies that threaten it, but which he does not overmuch fear, for he says:

"But out on dreams of dread!
In him I put my waking faith and trust,
A king in heart and head,
Who masters forces, shapes material things,
Who loves his kind, whose common-sense has wings,
The true American, the kindly just,
Full prompt in word and deed,
And ready to make good some human hope
In time of utter need."

The lines suggest Lowell's tribute to Lincoln in the "Commemoration Ode," and the reader will possibly connect them with that distinguished son of New York who dwells just now in the White House. The better opinion, however, would seem to be that they are impersonal.

The Wells Memorial Institute of Boston claims that its membership of over 2000 makes it the largest working-men's club in this country. The working-man who takes advantage of all the chances of improvement that the Wells Memorial offers is a working-man indeed. He learns drawing, music, elocution, dancing, and deportment, hears lectures on electricity, steam, building construction, and many other subjects, goes to a dance, a concert, or other entertainment three times a month, gets a trade discount on all his household purchases, is insured against sickness, and is doctored if necessary on the co-operative plan. In addition he has the use of the library and club-rooms in the Wells Memorial Building. It seems not too much to say of the Wells Memorial Institute that it aims to be the Boston working-man's Oliver Sumner Teall. The small pamphlet in which it sets forth its advantages must impress every reader anew with the consciousness that Boston is a town of great opportunities. It admits women as well as men to everything, and has a number of special classes expressly for them, while its fee for them is one dollar—half the rate for men. Robert Treat Paine is its president.

E. S. Martin.

REVISITED.

Nope, I never was an advercate fer clearin' up
the lan',
An' I never was in favor of these medders
made by han';
If them folks 'at live back yander air so bent
on raisin' hay,
They hed better sell an' come out West is all
I've got to say;
An' they'd better move to Kansas, where there's
miles of verdant sod,
Than to waste the'r time a-tryin' to improve
the works o' God.

Why, las' fall I went to Hampshire, just to see
the brook agin
Where I use' to fish in boyhood's days—'twas
night when I got in—
An' I hadn't seen ol' Hampshire's hills fer forty
years er more.
So I riz at day nex' mornin' and surveyed the
lan'scape o'er;
An' I looked across the valley jes as fur as I
c'u'd see,
An' I saw the *grass a-wavin' wher' the timber
use' to be.*

An' when I went down to the brook the water wasn't there,
An' the music of its meller voice hed vanished
in the air;
Fer they've cut off all the ellums, jes to put
the lan' in hay,
An' the sun hes burnt the water tell it's all
b'iled away;
An' when I saw the pore ol' brook, I set down
by its side,
An' I guess I couldn't help it, fer I jes broke
down an' cried.

Nope, I never was an advercate of clearin' up
the lan',
An' I never was in favor of these medders
made by han';
So I guess I'll stay in Kansas jes a-turnin'
up the sod,
Where the sun-flowers air a-bloomin' by the
medder-lands o' God.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

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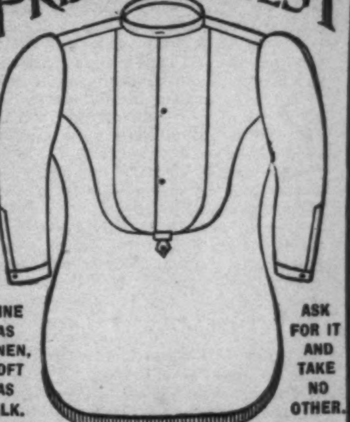

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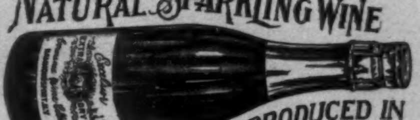

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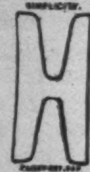

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THE travelling circus is not an annual visitor in such localities as southeastern Indiana, the Ozark regions of Missouri and Arkansas, and eastern Kentucky. In its absence, the amusement-loving natives have circuses of their own. The harvest home or jubilee of Indiana, the gander-pulling of eastern Kentucky, and the barbecues of Missouri and Arkansas take the place of the gorgeous glittering aggregation of tented wonders.

Splendid is the circus, but it isn't any better than the home-made show that comes in the full moon of August down in the southern part of Indiana. Sometimes the harvest-home has its occurrence in the latter part of July, and sometimes one may be found well along in September or early in October,

"When the frost is on the punkin, and the fodder's in the shock."

But the real harvest-home should occur when the days and nights are warm-hot, when the most inviting thing about the grounds is the big vinegar-barrel of water with a chunk of ice in it, and with little bent tin cups hanging around by wet strings, all "pervided by the committee on arrangements."

It is not necessary to go down into Hooppole Township, Posey County, to see the harvest jubilee in all its fulness. Close to nearly every village in the southern part of Indiana one is held at least once in two or three years; quite frequently they are encountered in the northern end of the State. The jubilee is advertised either by word of mouth, or by poorly executed handbills printed by the *Weekly Farmer's Advocate* or some other organ of the agriculturist. A list of the committees always appears. Of these the committee on arrangements gets the bulk of the work. Its members must find the grounds, sell the privileges, secure attractions, talk the jubilee up among the neighbors, arrange prizes, and be sure that the financial ends will meet.

I have in mind an occasion in which every form of entertainment known to jubilee managers was introduced. The grounds selected were in the edge of town; there was a splendid woodland with clean short grass, and two or three wagon roads crossing the place, and a big open spot for games and contests. This jubilee took place in the full moon of August. The barbecue was the most important event on the programme. Six beeves and fifteen sheep were roasted whole. Long tables were erected, made of boards laid upon driven stakes. Seats were made in the same manner with shorter supports. Hundreds of the visitors brought baskets of provisions. Let the country editor speak of tables that groan with loads of delicacies, but none ever suffered as did those jubilee tables. At least two thousand people sat down at each of the changes, while hundreds were contented to eat their noonday meal seated on the grass.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the actual entertainment got under way. All morning the members of the important committees were racing about, here, there, and everywhere, their red sashes flying, and streams of perspiration making yellow streaks on their all-too-stiff shirt fronts. Before the feast was half over an announcement was made that the entertainment of the afternoon was about to begin.

There was no public statement of the various events of the programme, although it sometimes happens that a sort of master of ceremonies performs this duty. Before I knew what was going to happen I saw three boys and two grown men standing at the base of a pole about thirty-five feet in height. At the top there was nailed a little bag of money—ten dollars. What a fortune did it seem to the youngsters who looked up at it—and how far away!

One after another the contestants strove to climb to the top. The pole was round, smooth, and covered with grease. Occasionally a climber would get up to the height of a dozen feet, only to slide to the ground like a fireman on a midnight alarm, but in greater disorder. A young, rawboned, barefooted boy, Bill Shearer, got the prize. He dug his toes in the pole and went to the top on the second trial.

A sack-race followed the pole-climbing. Six boys went twenty unsteady yards, each with a burlap about him from the waist down. They stumbled, fell, and laughed through the performance. Next on the programme was a pig-race, in which fifteen farmer boys ran after one frightened and speedy shoat that was gaumed from head to tail with soap-grease. The boy who caught the animal grasped it by the leg and fell on it. It was hard to say which was the greasier.

Such are some of the amusements of a harvest-home. While the rougher sports are in progress many of the boys and girls indulge in May-day frolics, with singing and dancing under an arbor constructed of twigs and flowers. I recall a horse-race, too, that occurred at the jubilee here described. It took place on a back street of the near-by town. The course was less than a quarter of a mile straight away, and on either side for the entire distance were gathered the spectators, all of whom had some sort of acquaintance with the horses or their owners. The animals were ridden without saddles. The young fellows who rode them wore nothing but long shirts and their rough shoes. Such a race is worth going half a thousand miles to see. The Suburban never developed more excitement or a higher grade of enthusiasm.

The harvest jubilee seldom escapes the political speaker, who gets before the people in the guise of the orator of the day. In ten minutes he announces his claims for office, and metaphorically belabors every other candidate in the adjoining townships. The harvest-home is usually good-natured, however, winding up at night with a dance under the trees, with a few lanterns and torches here and there to aid the splendid August moon. Country fiddlers furnish the music. The arrangement is not artistic, measured by our end-of-the-century standards, but there is genuine enjoyment to be got out of it. Thousands of Indiana boys and girls scattered to the ends of the earth, with boys and girls of their own, now look back in happy remembrance of those day frolics and night dances, when only the moon watched as the hours sped away to the tune of the rare old musician of the backwoods.

HOMER BASSFORD.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY AND THE SHIP-CANAL.

THE interesting and instructive article in the September number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE on the "Diplomacy and Law of the Isthmian Canals," by Mr. Sidney Webster shows very conclusively the importance of abrogating the obsolete and obstructive Clayton-Bulwer treaty before our government can in a satisfactory manner undertake the construction of a ship-canal by Nicaragua, Panama, or elsewhere.

In connection with this there is a bit of past history which I do not believe is well known by our people, and perhaps never attracted the attention it certainly merited. It is taken from the memoir of Hon. Abbott Lawrence prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society by my father, and printed in 1856.

Speaking of Mr. Lawrence's career while United States Minister to the Court of St. James, he says: "One of the first objects requiring his attention was the project of a ship-canal from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, which had been brought forward by his predecessor, Mr. Bancroft. The assent and guarantee of both the United States and Great Britain were necessary to effect this object. An obstacle existed in the claim set up by Great Britain to the protectorate of the Mosquito Territory, on a part of which the eastern terminus of the canal must be made. This subject was one which received his immediate attention, and as early as December, 1849, he obtained from Lord Palmerston a disavowal on the part of Great Britain of any intention 'to occupy or colonize Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America.' His mind was very much occupied with this matter, in the expectation that it would devolve on him to negotiate a treaty with the British government. In a letter of December 14, 1849, to Lord Palmerston, he presents a view of the important advantages to result from such a canal, and of the obstacle interposed by the claim in behalf of the Mosquito Indians as an independent sovereignty. In the mean time he set himself to work in collecting information in illustration of the connection of the British government with the Mosquito Indians, out of which their claim to certain peculiar rights as their protectors was founded. In this he was entirely successful. He became possessed of some very important manuscript documents which had never been published, consisting of the Vernon and Wager manuscripts, which he characterizes as 'a collection embodying, in the original, official as well as private letters of the Duke of Newcastle, of Sir Charles Wager, of Admiral Vernon, of Sir William Pulteney, of Governor Trelawney, of Mr. Robert Hodgson, and many others, a mass of authentic information never published, and not existing anywhere else, unless in her Majesty's State Paper Office.'

"He was arranging all these matters into legal argument and historical document, when, in April, 1850, he received notice from Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, that 'these negotiations were entirely transferred to Washington, and that he was to cease altogether to press them in London.' This was naturally a severe disappointment, but he at once set about changing the character of this document from a letter to Lord Palmerston to a despatch to our own Secretary of State. It bears date 19th April, 1850. It covers eighty-five folio pages of manuscript. It discusses the question of the title of the Mosquito Indians to the sovereignty of the country claimed for them by Great Britain. It states very clearly the law established by the different nations of Europe in reference to their own rights, and that of the savages inhabiting the continent and islands of America. 'The Christian world have agreed in recognizing the Indians as occupants only of the lands, without a right of possession, without domain, the sovereignty being determined by priority of discovery and occupation.'

"In the historical review of the question, he states that Spain established her rights on the Mosquito Territory in the fifteenth century, which were recognized in the treaty of 1672 by Sir Sidney Godolphin. He quotes from the documents before mentioned abundant evidence of the tampering of the Governor of Jamaica and of the Admiral in that station with the Mosquitoes during the war which broke out with Spain in 1739. The treaty of 1763, as well as that of 1783, would seem to admit the sovereignty of Spain in the fullest degree. This whole question is argued with great ability. It is unfortunate that whilst this document was on its passage to Washington a treaty was actually signed by Mr. Clayton and Sir Henry L. Bulwer, out of which a serious misunderstanding has arisen. This could hardly have happened had this document been communicated to the British government as the American view of the question.

"Mr. Lawrence's own view of the subject was, 'that whenever the history of the conduct of Great Britain shall be published to the world, it will not stand one hour before the bar of public opinion without universal condemnation.'

"This document was published on a call from the Senate, February 9, 1853. Senate Doc., 32d Congress, 2d Session, No. 27."

Has not the time arrived for our government to put this matter in order before work is resumed either at Panama or Nicaragua?

NATHAN APPLETON.

THE CHESAPEAKE OYSTER INDUSTRY.

THE oyster industry is a very important one in Maryland in the neighborhood of the waters of the Chesapeake Bay. Indeed, it has been said that this industry was more fruitful and important than any other, because by it more people were directly and indirectly supported. It is possible that, leaving out agriculture, this may be so, as in the industry more than 30,000 men, women, and children are employed. Of these persons about 12,000 men are engaged in catching, while the remaining 18,000 are kept at work at shelling, grouping, packing, and so on. The boats that are used in the oyster industry must be licensed by the State of Maryland, and the licenses yield to the State $70,000 a year. This sum is used to support an oyster-police navy, which tries to maintain the laws and preserve the peace. The navy is composed of two steam-vessels and about twenty schooners and sloops. It is officered by a navy commander and about twenty deputy commanders, with headquarters at Annapolis. The Chesapeake Bay oysters are superior in quality, and the waters of the bay and its tributaries are impregnated with the ingredients upon which the oyster feeds and fattens.

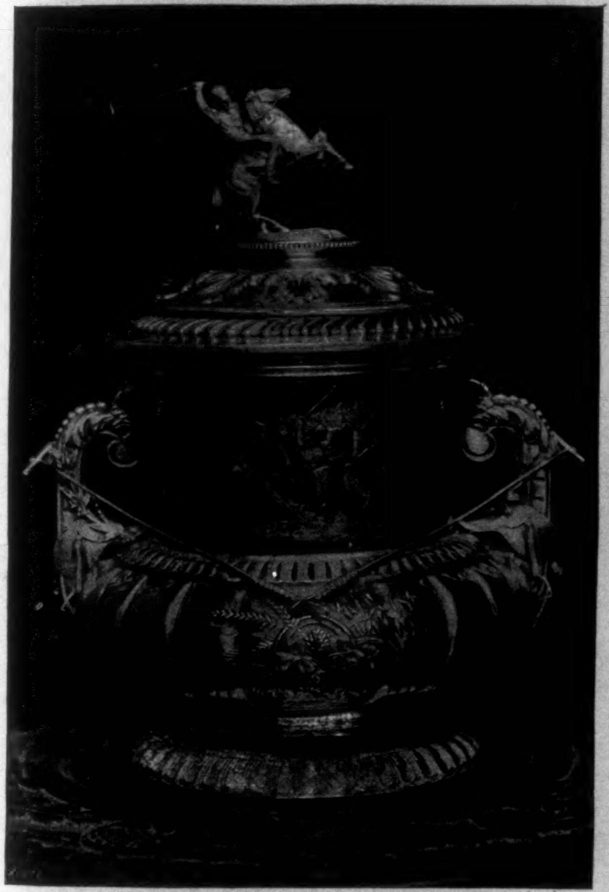
Though the Chesapeake Bay is the natural home of the oyster, the beds have been so seriously depleted within the last few years that fears were entertained that the industry might be very considerably curtailed. Accordingly, very stringent laws were passed by the Legislature of Maryland to protect the beds and regulate the taking of the oysters. One of the new regulations is to the effect that oysters of a less size than two and a half inches must be returned to the rock or bed from which they have been taken. This was a wise regulation, and the good effects of the practice under it are already noticeable. Among these recent laws was one permitting a lease of barren bottoms for oyster culture. Although there are more than forty-five hundred of such leases recorded, each lease being for five acres, there is no oyster-farming to any extent carried on. The residents of those counties bordering on the waters and interested in the industry have been so determined in their opposition to the culture of oysters that so far the enterprise has not amounted to much.

There are two ways of taking oysters, dredging and tonging, and in the season of '92-3 there were over 900 vessels engaged in dredging, and a great many more than this in tonging. The crews of dredging vessels vary with the capacity of the boats, and range from a captain and five men to a captain and twelve men. These men, by-the-way, though they must work hard, and are exposed to great hardship and frequently to danger, are not well paid. Therefore a good class of labor is not attracted. A Maryland State officer who recently investigated the oystermen of the Chesapeake said that the dredging crews were made up from "the lowest stratum of nearly all nations on earth." The tongers are of a better class, and are usually natives of the Chesapeake counties. The life of the oyster-catcher is hard and thankless, as he can scarcely ever hope to earn more than enough to sustain himself meagrely. They are out in the severest winter weather, and not infrequently they are very unsuitably clad for such work. Many of the men so employed go out in the coldest weather, with no heavier body covering than half-worn flannel shirts. Last winter vessels were frozen up out in the bay, while the crews were without either food or water. The officer before alluded to has expressed the opinion that if the tender-hearted among the oyster-consumers knew with how much pain and suffering these bivalves were brought from their salt-water homes to the dining-table, they would not eat them in the happy frame of mind necessary to a full appreciation of this finest of all sea-foods.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS ASSOCIATION officials will have a most excellent opportunity during the next year of play to convince us that they fully comprehend the exigencies of the present tennis situation. We are willing to accept their explanation of past indifference, viz., that the success of the few tournaments under their immediate supervision, and especially of the national tournament at Newport, blinded them more or less when they came to look off into the general tennis horizon. We are impressible to almost any reasonable extent in the matter of claims that the country away from the Atlantic seaboard has been, so far as lawn-tennis is concerned, one desolate waste insensible to cultivation. But the most self-satisfied official could hardly fail to note the lessons that the past two seasons have taught over and again. There is no longer an excuse for believing the beginning and end of the game to be within a small and chosen Eastern territory; there is no longer sense in assuming the West to be one howling wilderness of sterility; and there is every reason for knowing that lawn-tennis has been at ebb-tide a couple of seasons, and stands to-day in a peculiarly sensitive position, where it will take very little to start it on one course or the other, either for better or for worse. It is high time, therefore, for the national officials to give evidence that they appreciate the responsibilities of their trust, and ready to give us an association that is national in its jurisprudence as well as in its assumption.

TO HOLD THE FATE OF LAWN-TENNIS in one hand, and a schedule which gives no encouragement to seven-eighths of the players in the country in the other, is hardly the course best suited to the needs of the game. It is by no means expected that the National Association can mesmerize each locality where the game is played, and whirl it into enthusiastic life, nor that the officers of the Association should set out upon a journey of enlightenment, preaching lawn-tennis unto the benighted, and wooing the "duffers" into championship form. But it is expected, and it is their business as sponsors for the American game to give encouragement to clubs and players throughout the country, and to bend every energy to the higher development of our national standard.



ALDEN POLO CUP.
Won by Newport Team, Westchester Club, in '91; won by Second Rockaway Club in '92; won by Country Club, Westchester, in '93.

SO OFTEN THIS DEPARTMENT HAS POINTED out the fallacy of forsaking the substance for the shadow, of resting all hopes upon some two or three men whose skill has won them the ephemeral glories of a championship, and ignoring the development of the ranks from which these champions have sprung. It is so short-sighted a policy that it seems almost like returning to one's A B C's to hold up such a truism as a warning, and yet as a result of shutting our ears to it we shall find ourselves on the opening of the next tennis season, if Hobart, Campbell, and Hovey retire, with not over three of our ten leading players who can conscientiously be called first-class. Nor is it necessary to await the coming year to emphasize our tennis defects. Of the ten leading men this season, only half of them have shown first-class form. And still further, O. S. Campbell, who won the championship of America three successive years, and defaulted to R. D. Wrenn this year, has always been considered the most skilful exponent of the American game, and yet Mr. Campbell while abroad was unable to get half-way through the English championship tournament.

EVERY ONE OF THESE STATEMENTS contains a moral easily recognized and far-reaching in its application. The second-class players, the lesser clubs, the widely separated sections of the country, have not received the encouragement, and consequently failed in the development, to keep up the standard of the first class. When players like Campbell, Hobart, and Hovey retire from the game, the complement of the "ten leaders" must be filled by men who are only good second class.

The one way to improve the average standard is to create interest among individuals by sectional championships which shall be regarded as tentative in choosing a representative for the national championships held annually at Newport. The town clubs will hold their tournaments to decide on a representative for the sectional championship, and the latter, which may be divided into six great divisions taking in the entire country, will send as many champions to the national event. The work of the Association to carry out this plan is so slight one wonders it has never been done. The officers need but to publish such a scheme to the tennis-players from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, to give the sectional tournaments official recognition, and to formulate a few wise rules to cover the departure—one of which should be that entries to a sectional championship must be limited strictly to the winners of the club tournaments, and no entry received for the latter except from a player who belonged to the club and whose residence was actually in that locality.

THIS DOCTRINE HAS BEEN PREACHED by the writer until he has wellnigh worn the subject threadbare. That it is a sound one, however, his trip of three months last winter over the United States and Canada convinces him.

And by way of peroration to this little sermon, let him, too, sound a warning against these hotel tournaments that have gradually been creeping into vogue, and attaining a quasi-official recognition from the National Association. Lawn-tennis is not in so desperate a strait that it need succumb to the blandishments of hotel-keepers. With possibly one or two exceptions, these hotel tournaments are nothing more nor less than an advertising dodge on the part of "mine host" to fill vacant rooms, or by using well-known players as attractions to draw the public eye to some budding resort. Some excuse might be found if these affairs were for the general good of tennis; but they are not, since naturally only the best-known and most skilful players are "engaged." It gives them a good time possibly, but is beginning to hurt the game. It is putting the amateur in a light we do not wish to view him, and the National Association should formulate some ruling governing the matter at its next meeting.

IT IS WITH THE HOPE THAT THE national tennis board will have facts brought home to them that we print this full letter from the West. It is written by a man who is thoroughly informed on the subject, and is a specimen of what could be written from the other sections with equal application.

"KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, *September* 14, 1893.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read your articles on lawn-tennis in HARPER'S with much interest, and believe that some of the plans you suggest relative to placing tennis upon a more popular basis are not only feasible but necessary, in order that tennis secure a strong hold on the public. Tennis here in the West, as in the East, has been losing ground this summer. Acting on your suggestions, we are now trying to organize a Southwestern Association, composed of clubs from Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, St. Louis, Topeka, Leavenworth, Denver, and other Western cities, whose object will be to hold one large tournament each year, and send the winners in both singles and doubles to the tournaments of the United States National Association for the championships of the United States. We propose to organize this fall, if possible, and locate our tournament for next summer, in order to insure early spring practice and interest. It is also our plan to have the different clubs in our association hold tournaments covering their respective territories, and send their representatives, paying expenses, to our tournament, and thus establishing an unbroken chain between the clubs of this section of the country and the U. S. N. L. T. A. This plan, if carried out, will be mutually beneficial to both I feel sure. We think that, in order to have this association firmly established, the National Association should not only recognize its representatives as the champions of this section, but should at first provide part of the expenses incurred in sending them to the national tournaments. Last year we wrote to Mr. Whittelsey in reference to having the representatives of such an association officially recognized as the champions of this section, but received no reply. During the course of a conversation at Chicago one of the Association officers made the statement that 'the West knew no more about tennis than rats did about climbing trees'; so probably he thinks it of small import to the Association what we do out here. If this is the sentiment of others of the Association and Eastern people generally, then it is small wonder that tennis is losing its popularity. If the tournaments of the N. L. T. A. are to mean anything at all they must be national, not sectional, in character; and the same remark applies to the Association itself. The West does not claim to have developed as fine tennis as the East, for the simple reason that it has not had the opportunity and leisure for steady and systematic practice. It does not like to be entirely ignored, however. If you can do anything in the columns of HARPER'S, or in conversation or correspondence with the officers of the N. L. T. A., to make that organization a potent power for good in American tennis, and place tennis upon a deserved and popular basis, the West will be profoundly grateful to you. The N. L. T. A. is simply a name with us here, not a power. If sectional championships could be established all over the country, and the holders meet once a year at the national tournament, it seems to me a big step would have been taken toward placing tennis upon a popular basis. This country is too large for one association to cover it all. It must delegate a great deal of the work to sub-organizations which can make themselves powers in their immediate vicinities. I don't know as this letter will be of particular interest to you, but I thought you might like to hear from this section of the country."

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP told again the story we have been hearing over the country the last two years, viz., that the game is waning rather than waxing, and associations must institute active measures ere the present lull becomes a genuine set-back. Although the standard of play was higher than usual, the interest was less than for several years past and the entries fewer. The tournament (the ninth) was held on the Casino Courts, at Santa Monica, as it has been for six years. The courts (three of them) are of asphaltum, and rather inferior, the surface being somewhat uneven and consequently untrue, and the asphalt too short in length, which causes a working of the surrounding dirt into dust, the result being dirty balls and courts. By far the best player that has appeared thus far is Mr. R. P. Carter, an Englishman, who has won the championship singles every time that he has played, which was on four separate occasions. He plays a steady certain stroke, not particularly fast, but sure and always well placed, is equally good back as fore hand, and is a fine volleyer. He plays, as a rule, a steady back-line game, killing the ball on a volley to finish the rally.

POLO CUP PRESENTED BY C. HARTMEN KUHN TO THE PHILADELPHIA COUNTRY CLUB.
To be Property of Club winning three times. Won by Country Club of Westchester in '91 and '92, and Independence Team in '93.

MR. MARTIN CHASE, WHO WON THE ALL COMERS, is seventeen years old, and was certainly the hero of the tournament until he met Mr. Carter for the championship. He plays in excellent form and has a very taking drive, which he uses constantly, and oftener with success than not. He is also a good volleyer, but his back-hand might be better. He seemed quite unbeatable in the preliminary rounds, but Carter played all round him, winning the necessary three sets with apparent ease.

The Chase brothers, seventeen and nineteen years of age (champions), successfully defended the title in the open doubles against the Carter brothers by three sets to one. Until the Chase brothers appeared on the scene, the Carters, who are Englishmen, and have played here and at home from sixteen to seventeen years, were invincible in southern California. Mr. L. N. Chase, who plays left-handed, did most of the work, being exceedingly sure, but not very severe.

Mr. R. P. Carter and Miss Carter won the mixed doubles without difficulty; Miss Carter and Miss Shoemaker won the women's doubles with equal ease; and Miss Carter is the champion in open singles. So that the tournament seemed to consist chiefly of Carters and Chases, with the exception of Mr. Alexander's (of Santa Barbara) win of the Association singles over L. N. Chase.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS THAT ARE ABOUT TO PLAY a series of matches with the leading clubs of the United States are: George and Walter Blackham, Giffen, Turner, Bruce, Lyons, Graham, Trott, Gregory, Trumble, A. Bannerman, McLeod, Jarvis, and Conyngham. Critically running over their achievements as a team during their recent tour of England, it is necessary to take into consideration the quality of the opponents they have faced, and while it is true that in a majority of cases the full strength of the

CUP PRESENTED TO H. L. HERBERT, ESQ., BY THE CLUBS OF THE POLO ASSOCIATION.

county elevens was pitted against them, still in several cases their victories were over comparatively weak teams. Some stress in American circles has been laid upon the overwhelming defeat administered to the Notts County Eleven, but everybody who has followed the record of English county cricket at all closely must be aware of the great decline in Nottingham cricket. The county which once was the leading one is now the last but one among the first-class county elevens. This victory, therefore, is of little importance in determining the playing strength of the Australians.

NOR ARE THE VISITORS TO BE JUDGED by their equally easy victory over Oxford and Cambridge, past and present, as the 'varsities were never able to form any but a weak team, and consequently received a sound drubbing for their temerity. Of the matches played against All-England, two were drawn and one lost, the last being anyone's game when stumps were drawn. The general work of the Australians in England, once they had got into form, was consistently good; and although the record made by the present team will not compare favorably with that of Murdoch's celebrated eleven, it was sufficiently creditable in all departments to stamp them as a good lot.

The strength of the team undoubtedly lies in its all-round excellence, most of the men being able to take a hand at bowling if necessary, while all, with the exceptions of Jarvis and Conyngham, can bat. In Blackham and Jarvis they possess a pair of capital knights of the mittens, although the former has lost somewhat of his ancient cunning, as a glance at the "extras" column will show.

GEORGE GIFFEN WE BELIEVE to be one of if not the very best of the all-round men that Australia has produced. He has made an enviable record through a term of years, both with the bat and ball, and his powers show no signs of waning. Little behind him in all-round excellence is Trumble, a capital batsman and a magnificent bowler. Lyons is a terrific punisher of most any kind of bowling; a little over-anxious at times, perhaps, but a good man to get rid of so far as his opponents are concerned. Graham and Gregory, the youngsters of the team, have made brilliant débuts in the mother country, the former particularly distinguishing himself by heading the list with an average of 29.4 per innings. Bruce is another good all-round man, and so is Trott. Bannerman is a batsman of the poky and patient order, very annoying to the bowlers, and infinitely more tiresome to the spectator. He has developed an unfortunate habit of never believing he is fairly out when given so by the umpire, a habit, I may add, by no means new to Australian cricketers.

THE TEAM IS REMARKABLY STRONG in the bowling department, Turner, Trumble, and Giffen being among the best in the world, while Trott, McLeod, Bruce, and Conyngham can be relied upon in an emergency.

Taking it altogether it is a strong team, infinitely more so than our last visitors, Lord Hawke's second-class eleven, and one that will be hard to defeat. It seems scarcely fair to expect our best native elevens, which are in effect county teams, to win from the visitors, who are really an "All Australia team." All we can ask of them is to profit by the mistakes of selections in past international matches, to make a creditable showing at the bat, and to lose no runs through carelessness in the field, as was the case when playing Lord Hawke's team. The Australians have placed themselves at a great disadvantage by arriving here on the very eve of the first match, thus being compelled to play before they have actually got off their sea-legs. This, however, is their own affair. Later advices say Turner and Bannerman will not come over.

CLASS B, THE *pons asinorum* of bicycle-racing legislation, is once again to be brought before the L. A. W. for action. If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the mountain; the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen being Mohammed for sake of simile, and the racers the mountain. Having failed ignobly to perform the duty imposed upon it, this Board now proposes to have the entire League join it in the corner under the Fool's Cap it has worn since it went into power. There are one or two honorable exceptions on the Board, but we must include them unless they publicly renounce acquiescence in the buffoonish legislation that has stamped the Board's handling of the amateur question.

The Racing Board was organized for the express purpose of watching over the racing cyclers, of formulating rules, and punishing all transgressors; it was authorized by the L. A. W. to legislate on riders whose amateur status was questioned, and, later on, when the class of racers increased in numbers and in their indifference to the qualifications of an amateur, the L. A. W. empowered the Board to suspend racers on "circumstantial evidence" pending an investigation into their standing. But this power was taken advantage of only once, and then the two Western members joined hands with the masquerading wheelmen, and defeated about the only praiseworthy deed the Board had attempted.

The course of the Board has been so indifferent that one is almost persuaded to believe the members to be in sympathy with the racers, or puppets in the hands of some powerful manipulator behind the scenes.

IF IT IS ANY SATISFACTION to this Racing Board to know that they have actually aided in corrupting to the core a sport they might have purified, they are certainly entitled to it. They have done more harm than had there been no Board whatever, since then there would have been none to abuse our confidence.

After the very remarkable statements of the Chairman of the Racing Board in a cycling paper recently one hardly wonders at the present situation. This chairman declares he will not act hereafter except on "direct evidence," that it is no longer a crime to accept expenses and what not from a manufacturer so long as no direct evidence of it can be obtained, and that the only solution of the amateur question he can see is in the division of the men into two classes.

HE ACKNOWLEDGES, AS HAS NEARLY EVERY OTHER MAN in the L. A. W. official circles, that the racers are hired by the manufacturers and paid by them to ride their wheels; but this is not enough for the Racing Board to suspend on. It is not enough for this Board that these men devote their entire time to racing, that they are travelling from one end of the country to the other continuously, that they have no private means to warrant their spending their time in this manner; it is not enough that, with a few exceptions, every one of these racers may be proved to have literally no means of support, and as they do live and travel, and live well, it is evident some one is providing for them, and that some one is the one who is being benefited, who is getting value received by the advertising of the wheel the man is riding. All this is not enough for this chairman to debar these men; he must see the money pass from one to the other; he must set up a new code for the particular and peculiar use of the L. A. W. Racing Board. He fails evidently to appreciate how ridiculously he writes down his Board, since of what use is it to the L. A. W. if it waits, before acting, for the palpable evidence that would convict on its face? Of what use would be a jury composed of men holding the ideas expressed by this chairman; they would require to see the defendant in the very act of what he stood accused before convicting him. Men are often hanged on merely "circumstantial evidence."

ALL THIS GROUND HAS BEEN GONE OVER before, however, in this department, and the standing of the racing bicyclist thoroughly ventilated. Without intimate acquaintance with every one of the members of this Board, one hardly knows what to say of their miserable failure to do their duty, and keep the sport honest and clean. The sentiment the chairman has gone to the pains of making public from time to time would lead us to believe he had got out beyond his depth, and that his conception of an amateur must be rather crude. For the others we can only judge by the Board's public acts, and they have, with the single exception of the Philadelphia member, Mr. Gideon, (who secured the evidence which made the only two permanent suspensions of the year), consisted entirely in button-holing every hapless reporter, and pouring a tale of woe into his ear over the unfairness of the popular verdict. It is a puzzle why this chairman and his entire Board do not resign, since through him they have declared themselves incapable of doing what they were elected to do.

THE HUE-AND-CRY THE BOARD makes about lacking power is simply an attempt to divert attention from the real cause. The Racing Board, if it can be made to work as a unit, *has the power to expel on circumstantial evidence.* But unfortunately there are two men on the Board—Mr. Raymond and Mr. Miller—who will see nothing but direct evidence; and why they should not choose to use the authority given them by the L. A. W. may probably be explained by the dominant power of the trade in League politics. While the trade may not elect an official, for which they are commonly given credit, at the same time they can everlastingly knock a candidate's chances. All the politicians of the League appreciate this fact, though they say nothing of it, and as a consequence you will find that there is always a man or two on every committee who does not like to take decided action on any subject that interferes with trade projects. I don't assert this to be the case with this particular Board, but when I recall that the present political fight in the organization, being conducted by Mr. Post against Colonel Burdett, originated in the latter's refusal to appoint on the Racing Board any one connected with the trade, and that Mr. Post wanted a trade man appointed, and that Mr. Miller, who has been the principal mover in the objection to the circumstantial evidence, is very close to Mr. Post, I have my suspicions, so to speak. But enough of this; it is a tiresome subject; the Board, as every one knows, has simply made a fiasco of its essays at the amateur question.

THE POINT TO CONSIDER FOR A FEW LINES now is this dividing the cyclers into two classes: Class A, in which riders will pay their own expenses, and where the value of prizes will be limited; and class B, which will include those who are employed and whose expenses are paid by the manufacturers of the wheels they ride.

In other words, class A is amateur, class B professional—just as much professional as the members of the New York professional baseball nine, who are paid salaries and expenses to play ball. If there is any difference, insomuch as it touches a man's amateur standing, between playing ball and riding a bicycle for money I should like to have it explained to me.

The absurdities of this proposition are: First, by forming class B the Racing Board tacitly acknowledges that there are men now riding who are paid; if there were not, why such a class? and if the Board knows it, why does it not expel all the suspects? Second, how are the candidates for class B to be known more than now (if circumstantial evidence is to be ignored), unless they make application?

If these men get all they want now in the way of salaries and expenses from the manufacturer, and a Racing Board whose chairman publicly acknowledges he is not smart enough to catch them, why should they apply for membership in class B, and thereby acknowledge themselves the professionals which the chairman of the Racing Board and his *confrères* have failed to declare them? The racing class would be very foolish, from their stand-point, to do anything of the sort, for it is the amateur whitewashing the Racing Board has kindly bestowed upon them that makes them valuable to the manufacturer. If this were not the case, some of the other professionals who race openly for cash, and are not fortunate enough to have an L. A. W. Board to protect them from the jeers of the dear public, would also find employment from the manufacturers. But they have lost their value—because they are honest.

As for making two classes of amateurs, it is as utterly absurd as it is wrong. An amateur goes into sport for sport's sake only, and not for gain, directly or indirectly. All the others are professionals, whether declared so or not. There are no degrees in amateurs.

If Mr. Chairman Raymond really wants to do something for the good of bicycling he should suspend about all the so-called racers on "circumstantial evidence." Otherwise, we would advise him to resign, and make way for some incumbent with more independence.

IN A PARAGRAPH ON POLO last week the compositor made "talked of" read "taken up," and somewhat changed the sense intended: "It would have been natural to expect polo men generally would applaud," etc., etc.; "but instead of applause....a strong movement set in that even went so far as to be talked of [*taken up*] in a meeting of the Polo Association," etc.

We are promised a match next week between a New York team, captained by Mr. Keene on one side, and a Boston team, captained by Mr. Agassiz on the other. The first will probably include Messrs. Cowdin, Bird, and Nicoll, while

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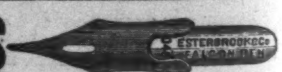

THE BEST MADE.

Boston will very likely put forth Gardiner, Shaw, and Appleton, which will be the same strong four that defeated the Independence. The trophy is a $500 challenge cup, with individual cups added, offered by Mr. Eugene Higgins, and is intended to be contested for at the close of each season by the two strongest teams.

It is not improbable that with the three Eustis brothers abroad this winter, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., may conclude to make a fourth, and the result will be some international polo at Pau, France.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF '93 promises to show greatly improved play over the country generally, judged only by the quality of the college men who have been engaged to coach. In the far West, Laurie Bliss has already given the Olympic Athletic Club in San Francisco a preparatory drilling, his brother will coach Leland Stanford University, and Heffelfinger, the greatest guard we ever had, will take care of the other California university at Berkeley. There are enough old college players at Seattle to look after the extreme Northwest. The Denver Athletic Club will have Walter Cash, one of the strongest players at tackle in Princeton's football history. S. Morrison lives at Minneapolis, and we shall undoubtedly hear of a team in that part of the country. There are Nate Williams to look after Detroit's football interests, and Rhoades at Cleveland, while in the extreme South are the Baynes at New Orleans.

ON THE HARVARD, YALE, AND PRINCETON football teams so far we are sure of two of the old centres of last year, Lewis of Harvard and Stillman of Yale. These two were a good match last autumn at Springfield, Lewis making up in cunning and agility what he lacked in weight and strength. But Lewis was at his best; his long experience at Amherst and the hard work to win the place on the Harvard team brought him up to his very limit in the season of 1892. He had reached the maximum of his weight and strength as well as the height of skill. He will undoubtedly play as strong a game this year, but no better. Stillman was much younger, and lacked the experience and maturity of his opponent, and in both these respects should show marked improvement. If he receives the same amount of coaching that was bestowed upon him last year by Corbin, Lewis will be kept busy all the time. Either of these men ought to make it very unpleasant for any green centres they are in the way of meeting, Lewis having the better of it in this respect because he is quicker to note and profit by the weakness of an adversary.

In tacklers we shall see new blood, both from the loss of such veterans as Winter, Wallis, and Harold, as well as the possible transferrence of Upton to a place back of the line. If these changes come off, it will leave us with Newell and Lea the sole veterans. Newell's best game was played three years ago, and for two seasons he has not advanced with the improvement noted in the position. He was almost an ideal tackle his first year, facing Wallis and outplaying him. The next season Winter, a green man, held him well in hand, and last year Winter was the choice. It was not that Newell had materially fallen off in play so much as the game had gone ahead and the younger men kept up with it.

TO TAKE SUCH A PROMISING MAN as Lea from a position he filled so well seems unwise, but it may be the exigencies of the case at Princeton demand his transfer to the half-back line. His play warranted a strong prediction that he would be this season the best tackle of them all if in good condition, and if he be put back it may spoil a good tackle for a middle-rate half. Upton is an old-timer, and the interference game has come in since he played at his best, so that his relegation to another place may be more advisable.

On the ends we shall see more experience; Hinkey, Emmons, Greenway, Trenchard, and Vincent, all but one of the six that played last year. But Hallowell, whom we have lost, will be greatly missed, as he came the nearest to perfection in his position. He never let the game get beyond him; he learned to face interference, and in that respect kept far more nearly abreast of the times than did his companion Newell during their years of play. Of these five veterans, Hinkey, with the captaincy to weigh him down, will without doubt fall off from his old standard. Trenchard, likewise a captain, but a man who had by no means reached his limit, because last year was his first, ought to improve. Emmons should come out rapidly. Greenway is hardly fast enough naturally for the place, and will be hard pushed by other Yale candidates. Vincent should be in better physical condition than he was, and hence should come up in his play.

OF THE OLD GUARDS there will be Mackie, Hickok, Wheeler, Hall, and McCrea. Here, again, we miss but one of the men of last season, Waters, who seems anxious to try the more showy position of half-back. "Anxious" is really not the word, as Waters certainly wishes to go where he can do the most for his team, but the old theory that there must be a heavy plunging half-back has prevailed at Cambridge

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for so long that his advisers urge him to fill Lake's place. In connection with this it is something more than singular that Yale, by all odds the greatest winner of football championships, has never had a heavy half-back on her winning teams. Last year the two Blisses; the year before, McClung and Bliss; the year before that, McClung; and in the Harvard game, Williams, who was above the average weight, and replaced by Bliss later in the game, and entirely for the Princeton match.

EVER SINCE THE DAYS WHEN NED PEACE, the big Princeton forward, went into the half-back line as captain and his team lost the game to Harvard on Holmes Field, the mania of rush-line captains for making half-backs of themselves has gone on wrecking the hopes of their elevens. Not that a rusher may not make a half-back of himself to advantage. Perhaps he may, but football history is against it. The transposition from half to rusher has been more successful, although Flint of Princeton failed at it last year. S. Morrison, of Yale, made it most successfully. King's change from half to quarter and Trafford's from full back to quarter could not be counted as advantageous, while McCormick from full back to quarter was a fair exchange. If, then, Captain Waters goes into the half-back line, even though he was when at school a good man in the place, he will be undertaking something at which few captains have been able to succeed. Gill tried it for a very short time, and although a wonderful line-breaker, he abandoned it and went to the front again. Waters would be an ideal running half had he not put on weight so fast, but he will be badly missed in the line, where Harvard can find no man whose experience or whose play is as valuable to the forwards. The reason why captains are so anxious to get back of the line is that a rusher can never gauge the play of his team, nor, in fact, do satisfactory coaching while playing his own position, hence the great temptation to drop back and fill another place. Waters, like others, will probably get over it before November's games come on.

But to return to the guards: Wheeler and Mackie are the veterans, and the game each put up last year presages good work. Mackie exhibited better points last season than was ever expected of him; he attained quite a degree of quickness and played a brainy game. Wheeler's chief fault has always been heaviness of play; inability to alter his position suddenly enough to meet unusual demands. He improved in this respect during the latter part of the season, and may be counted upon to more than hold his own. Hickok and McCrea are younger men, but built upon lines of strength that should promise even more for their work. They were green last year, but easily demonstrated the wisdom of their selection. Hickok has the more dash and is the faster, but his companion when worked up to the proper pitch is hard to hold.

OF QUARTERS, TRAFFORD AND MCCORMICK are gone, but King is a probable player, although he may, and, indeed, should, go back to his original position of half. As a quarter he had plenty of chance to distinguish himself, but only in defensive work. His tackling was simply marvellous, and saved many and many a yard for Princeton. But he had to do work that his line ought to have done, and he left his team with no offensive game. The strongest defence cannot make up for a lack in this respect, and King found it so in the end. Of half-backs, Morse has not yet appeared, and the two Blisses, Poe, and Lake are out of it. This leaves Gray the only veteran of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. He is light, but plucky, strong and fast, and his game is one of dash rather than endurance. His team must help him. If plays are planned with him in mind, some good ones could be executed. If he be sent bucking a line without interference he will be too badly bruised before November to be in shape.

Of full-backs, Butterworth and Brewer are the survivors, and a good pair they are. The former is the better distance punter, and the latter the stronger on catching. Both will be carefully coached upon their special weaknesses, and better backs we are not likely to see for many a day.

NO ONE WOULD BE GREATLY SURPRISED if at the October meeting of the Intercollegiate Association the undergraduate clause in the eligibility rule were replaced by something less stringent, or some interpretation officially placed upon that clause that will modify the strict letter of its meaning. Such interpretations are, however, never so valuable as well-worded laws, and it is better to face the situation squarely than to shy at it. A "one-year residence" rule is more than likely to obtain everywhere among the better grade of universities and colleges before another season, and there is no reason why such a rule should not receive the sanction of the Intercollegiate Association now.

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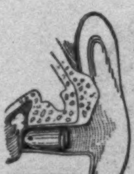
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